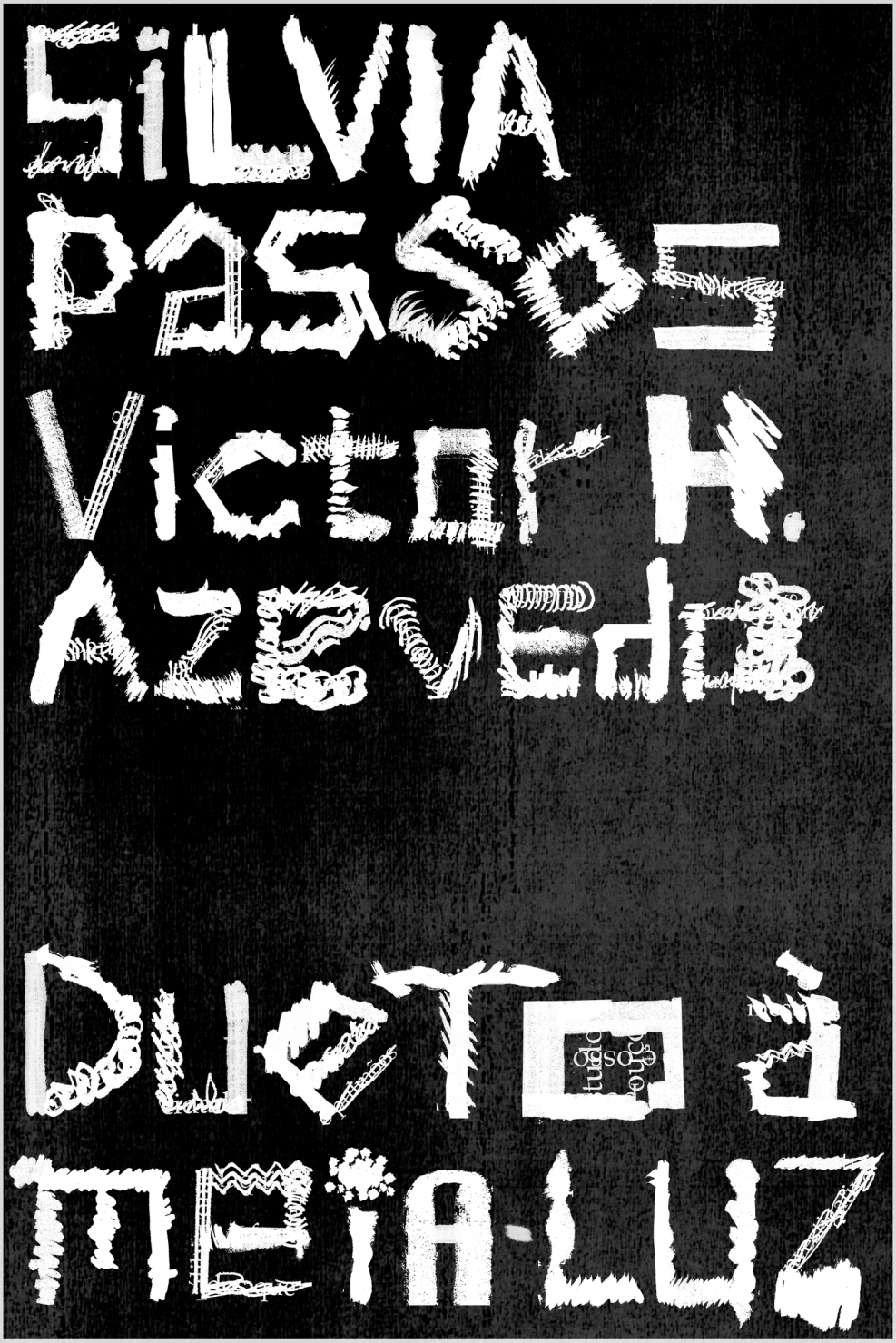
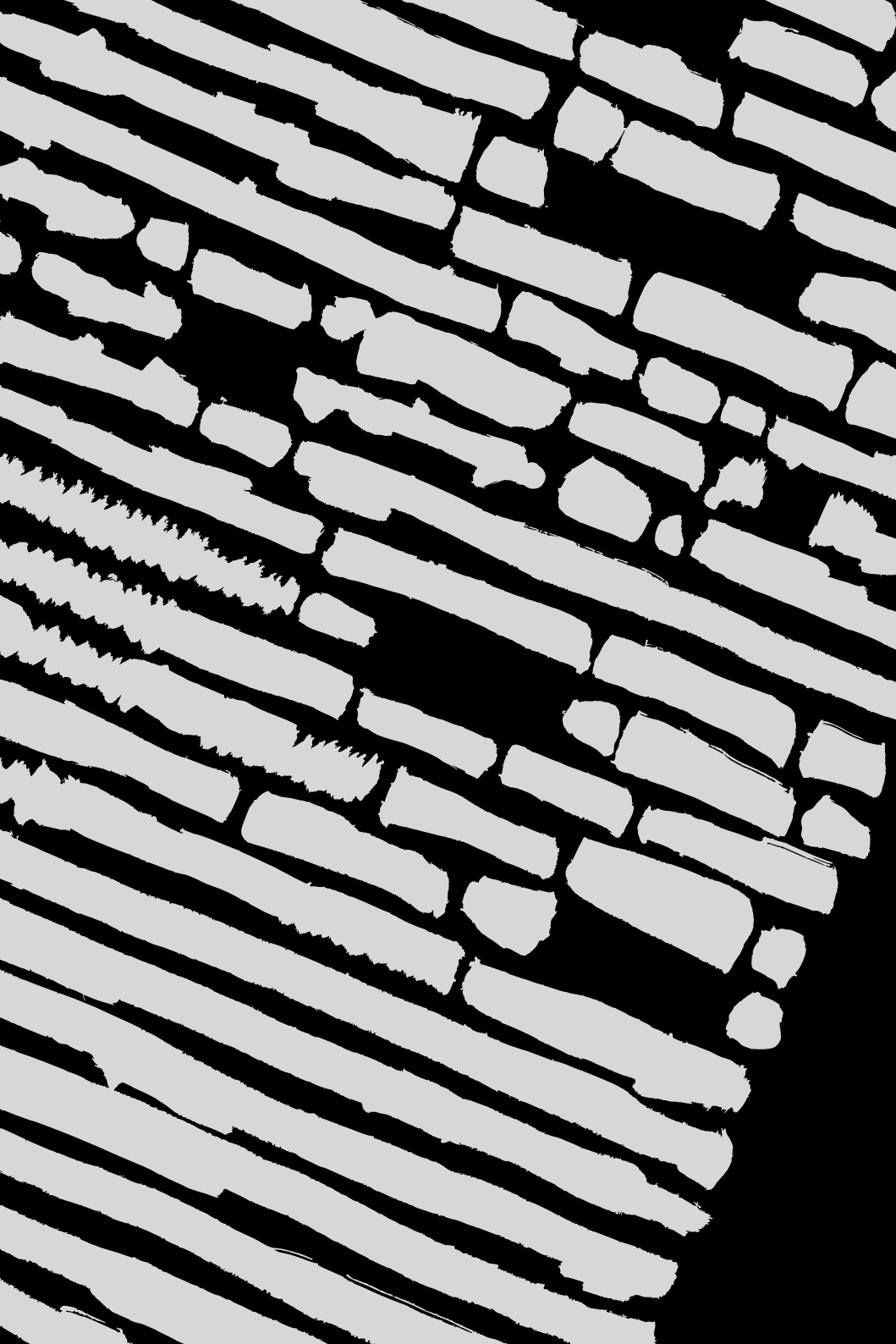
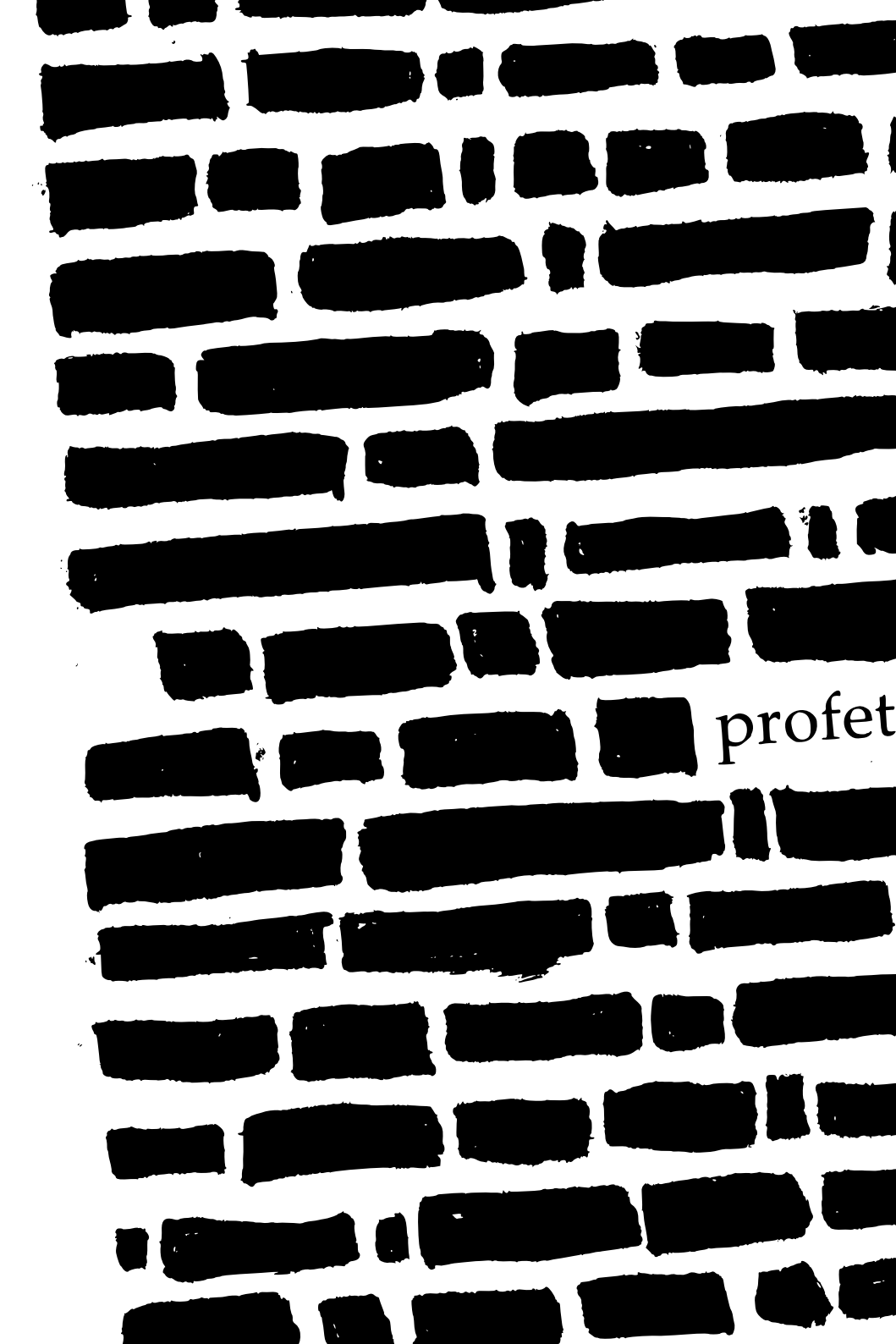

SILVIA
PASSOS
VICTOR H.
AZEVEDO
DUETO
MEIA-LUZ




profet

SILVIA PASSOS
VICTOR H. AZEVEDO

DUETO À MEIA-LUZ

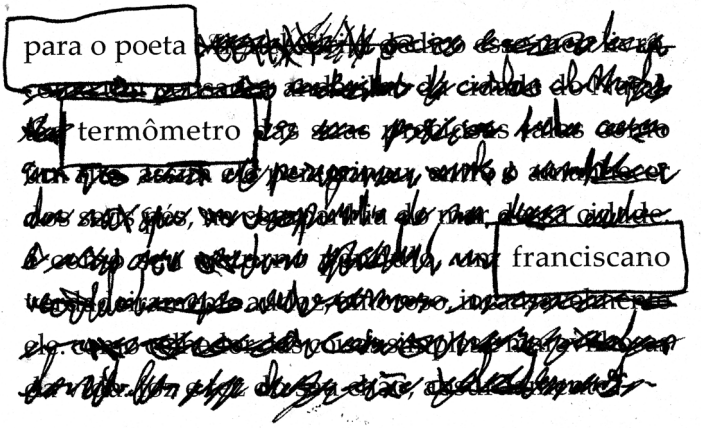
[88 BLECAUTES]

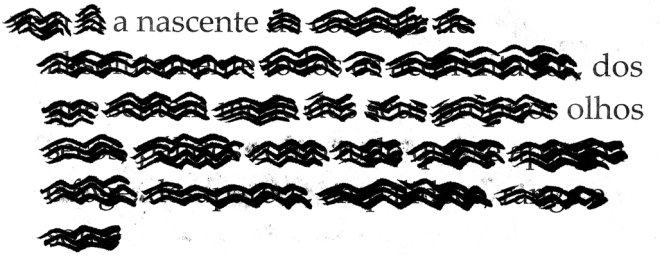
Essa obra só existe graças a uma brincadeira petulante com a leitura — pinçar palavras, destituir o poema. Com M. Duras, sabemos: escrever é isso, sem dúvidas, é apagar.

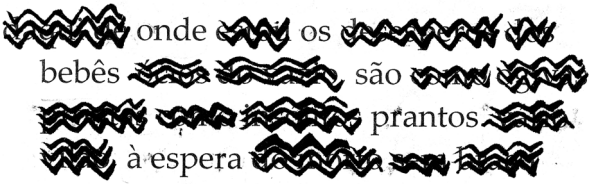
Escrever também é reaprender, todos os dias, o seu próprio idioma. Além de reaprender, é preciso equivocar-se. Deixar que o tropeço, no escuro, nos lance para outra direção. Quem escolhe palavras tentando encontrar novos sentidos pode incorrer no erro de se refastelar nos velhos. "A arte de narrar se baseia na leitura equivocada dos sinais"; assim, Piglia nos rebate. Não podemos mais continuar replicando palavras desgastadas.

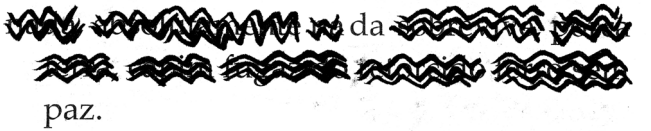
Por isso, o Dueto somos nós: todos esses escombros, dois detetives muito parciais que escolhem os seus culpados, criam, com as pistas que o texto oferece, uma fotografia quimérica, um caso de ataque à verborragia, uma nova configuração de leitura que nos encoraje a desconhecer as coisas.

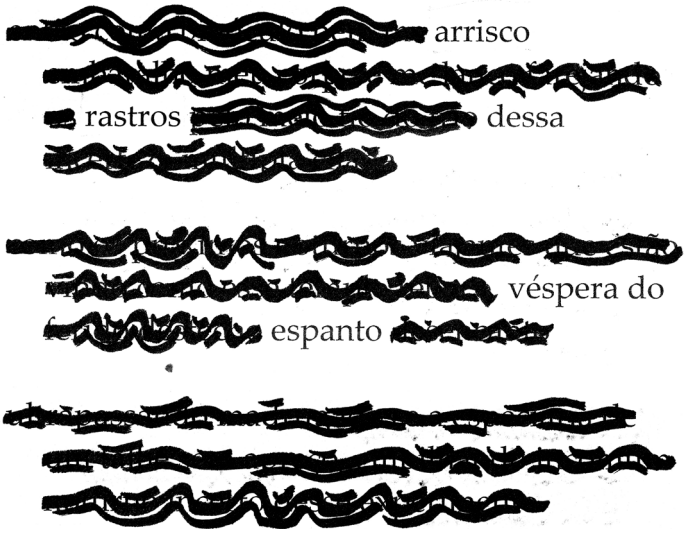
Pôr abaixo a página construída. Catar as palavras derruídas, as que resplendem e tem dureza, tem alumbramento, e fazer delas tijolos. Cimentar tudo o que é logorreia e ouropel em negríssimas rasuras, tarjas, garatujas, floreios. Reerguer a página, não como objeto vetado, mas como muro incompleto, onde pelos vãos da construção vê-se o outro lado da paisagem.

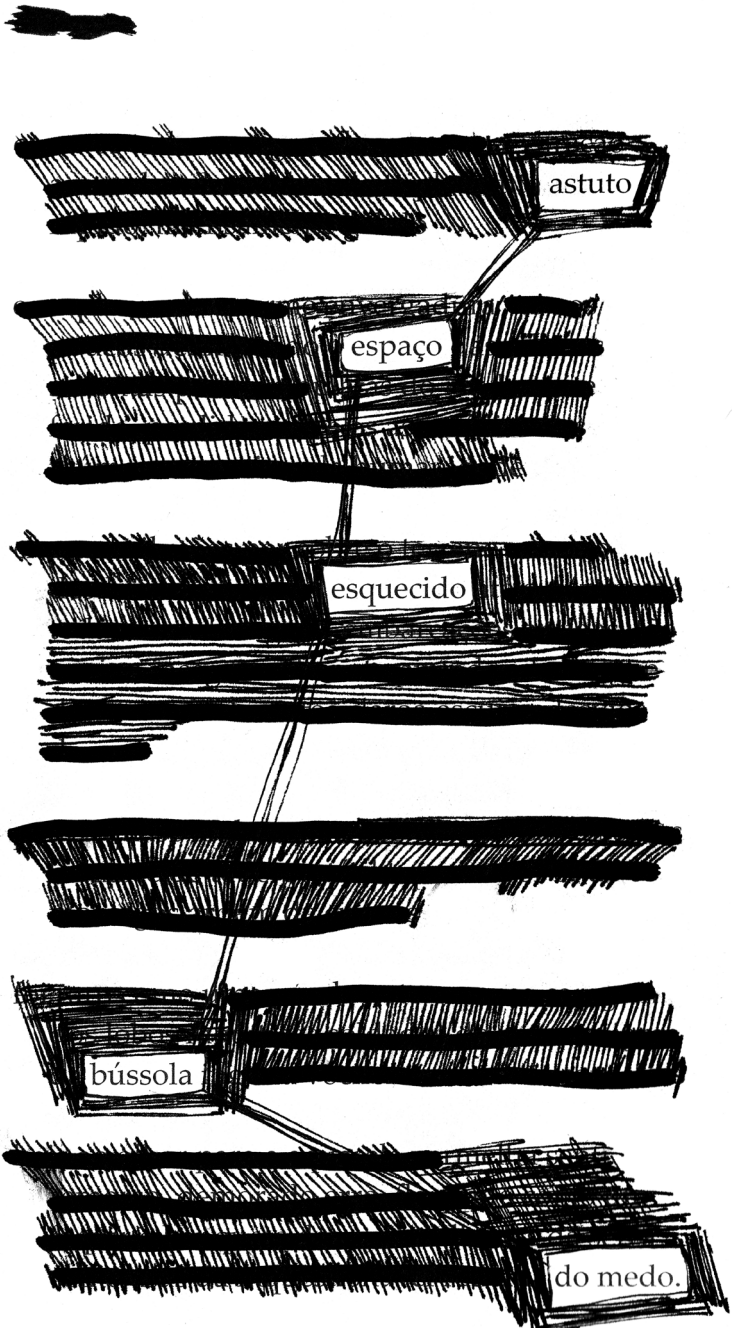

para o poeta
termômetro
franciscano


a nascente
dos
olhos


onde os
bebês são
prantos
à espera


da
paz.


arrisco
rastros
dessa
véspera do
espanto


astuto
espaço
esquecido
bússola
do medo.

transito
meus medos

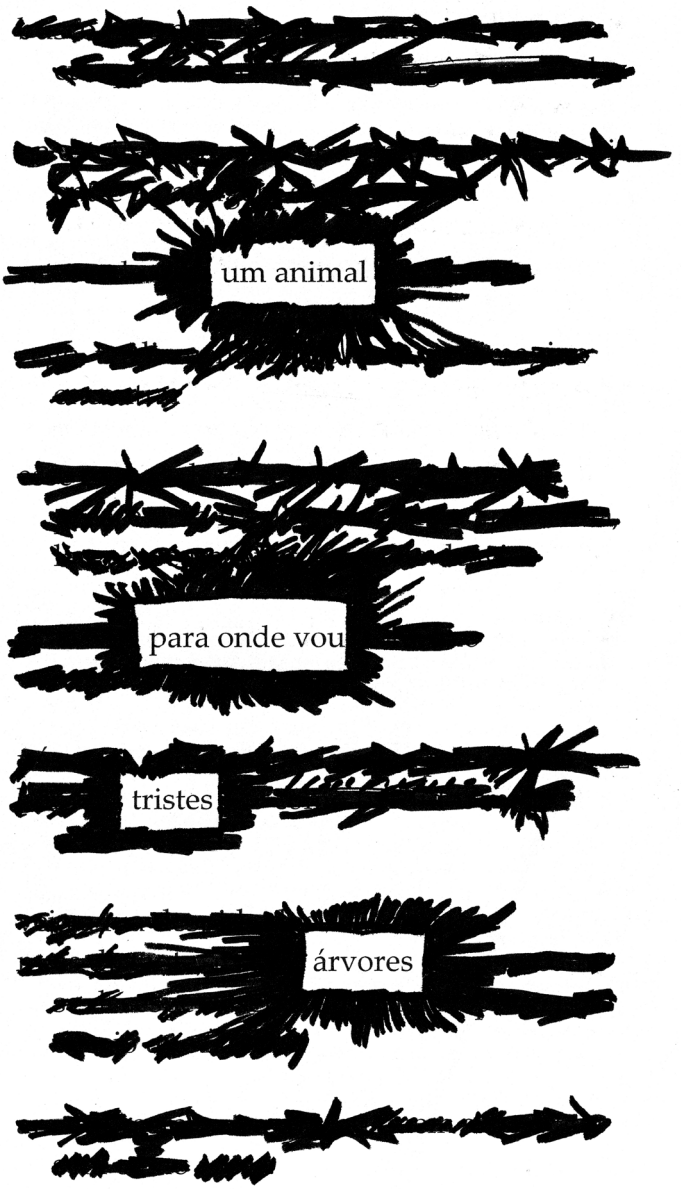
entre

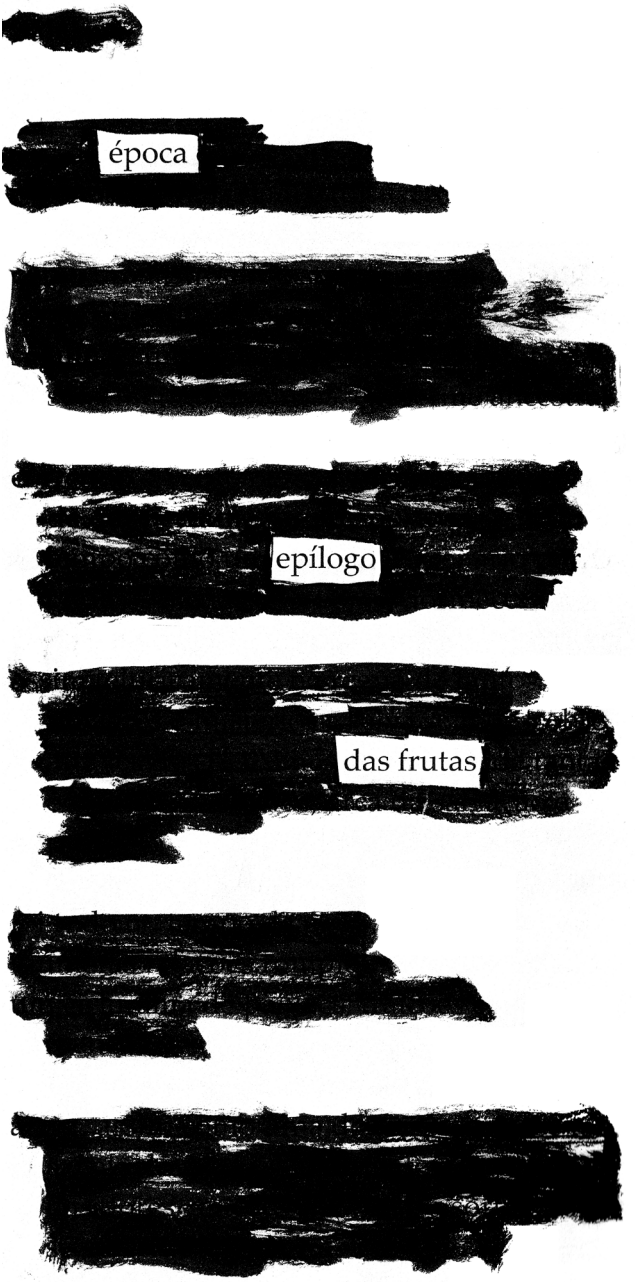
tentáculos

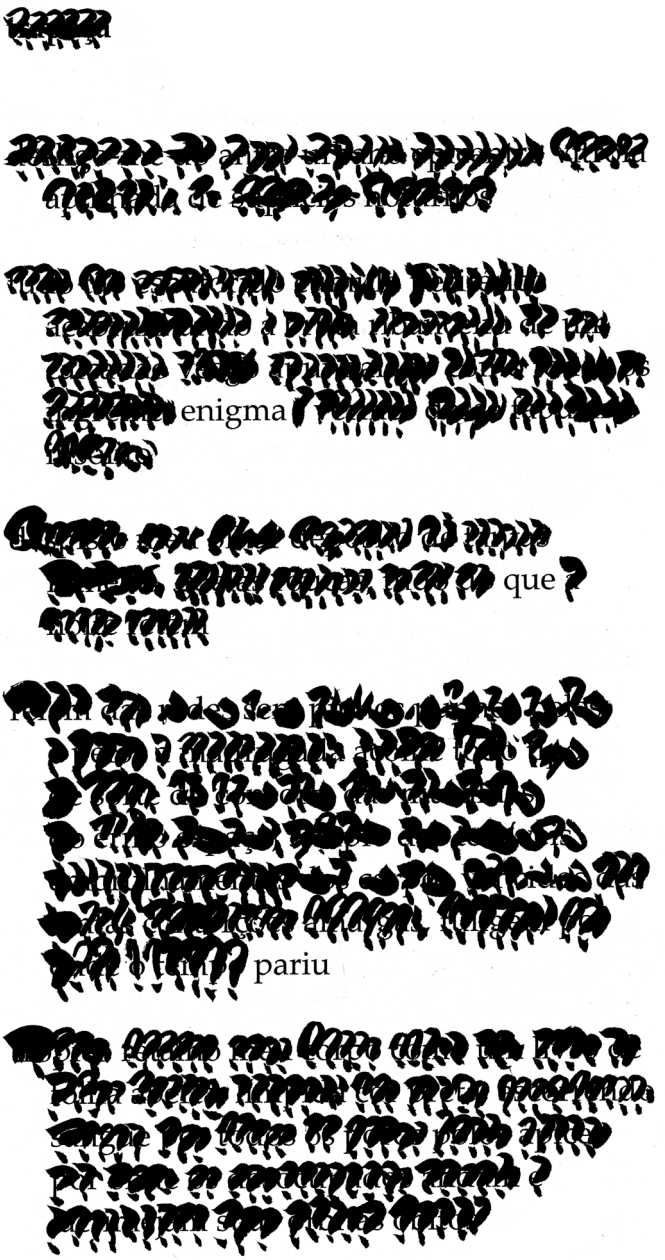
reboques

e

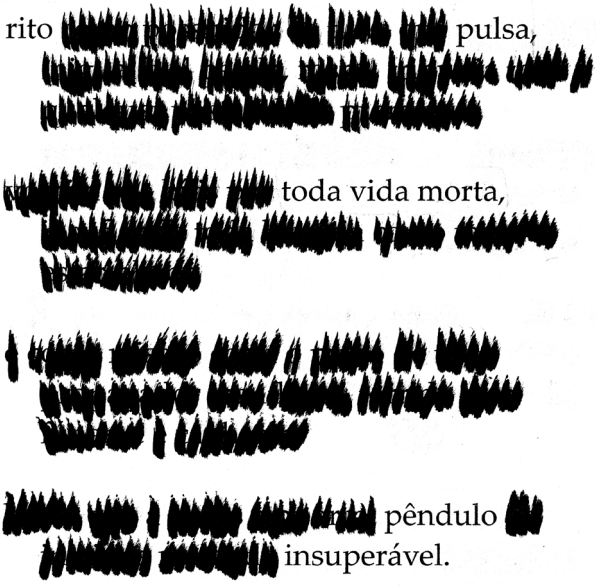
erratas,

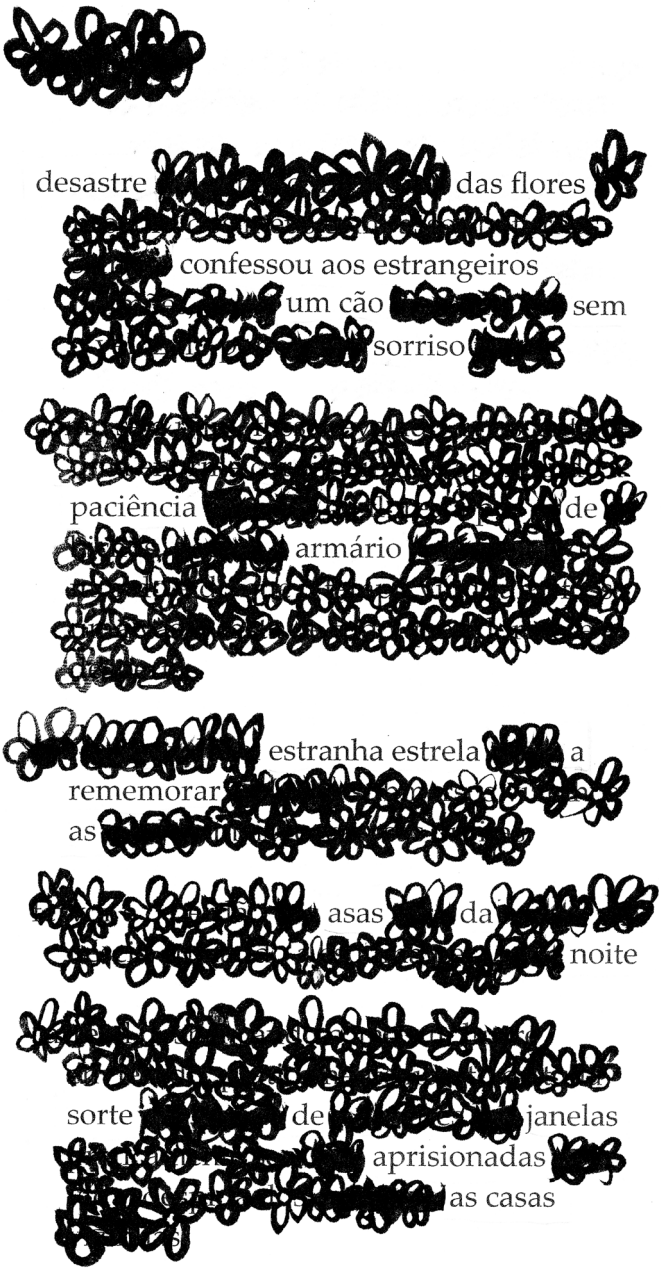

um animal
para onde vou
tristes
árvores


época
epílogo
das frutas

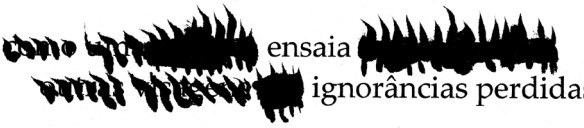


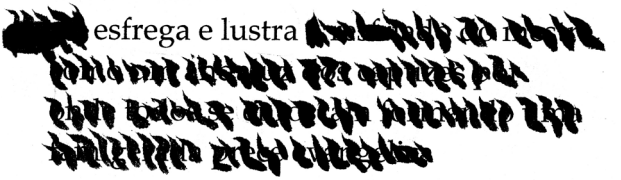
celeste
entranha
é
nome
rasurado
é dizer
entre
escombros
de
desejos
que
incandesce
ser
palavra

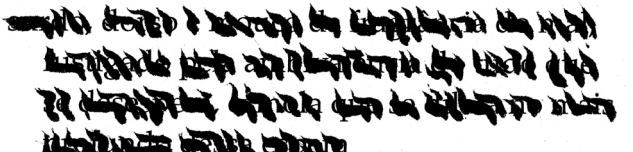

rito
pulsa,
toda vida morta,
pêndulo
insuperável.

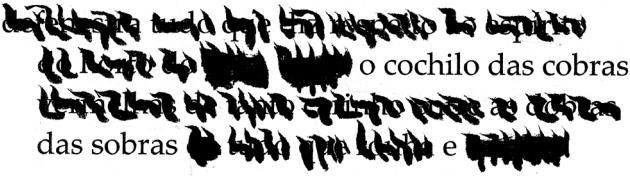

desastre das flores
confessou aos estrangeiros
um cão sem
sorriso
paciência de
armário
estranha estrela a
rememorar
as
asas da
noite
sorte de janelas
aprisionadas
as casas

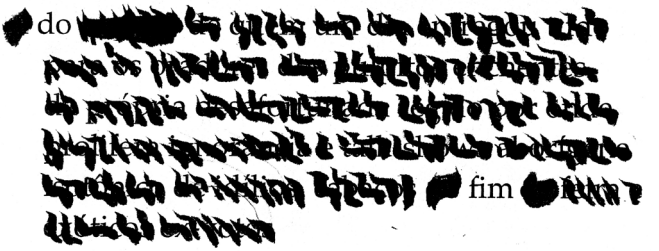
graxa


ensaia
ignorâncias perdidas


esfrega e lustra




o cochilo das cobras
das sobras e


do
fim

o corpo

procura de

impregnada

de

pássaro

preguiçoso

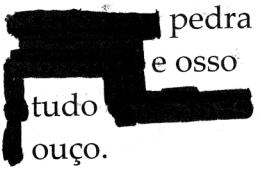
[illegible]

[illegible] compreensão [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] ladra
[illegible] e paz.


pedra
e osso
tudo
ouço.

como
ofício
carrego

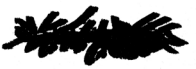
minha caligrafia
incrustada de
despenhadeiro

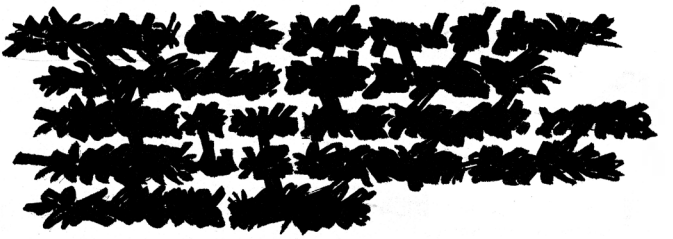
mão
que sorri

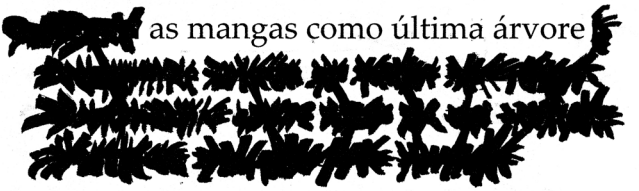
dos ossos da
quitanda

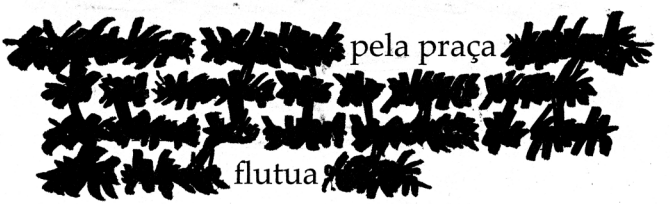
lágrima
de

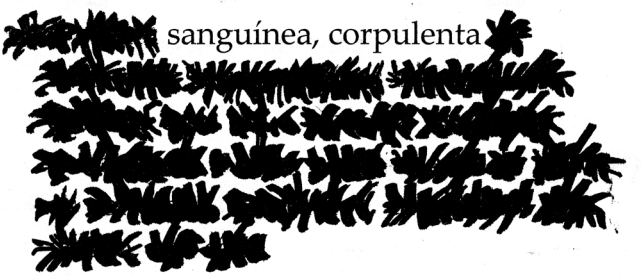
mambembe
estrada

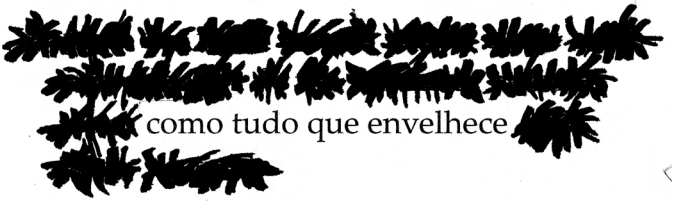


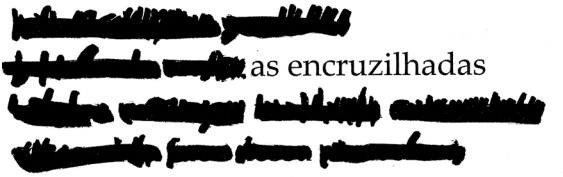


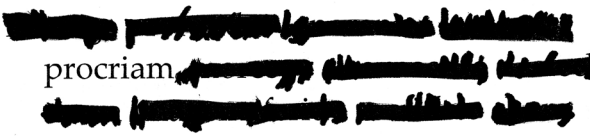

as mangas como última árvore

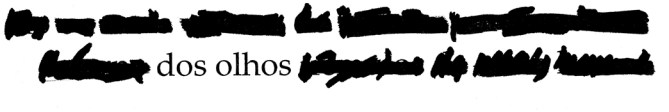

pela praça
flutua

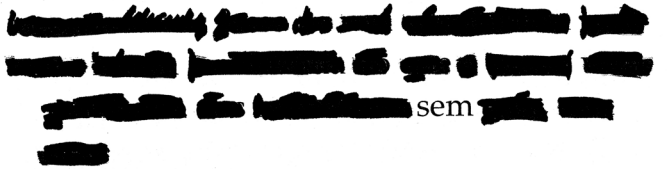

sanguínea, corpulenta

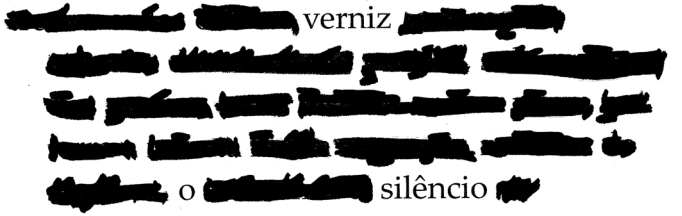

como tudo que envelhece

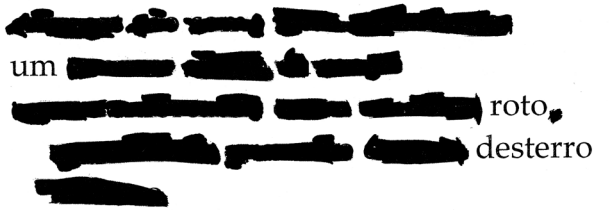

as encruzilhadas


procriam


dos olhos


sem


verniz
o silêncio


um
roto,
desterro

blasfemia

destes os ouvidos para as incipientes criaturas de
tanto além mar distribuírem suas cartilagens
no profundo submerso universo das águas

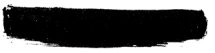
foram aos poucos nos prédios públicos da
cidade estampando a violência por onde cada
escolhido era batizado

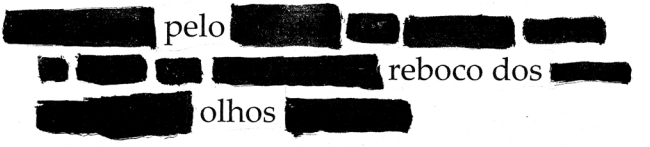
sim coros e corpos são como instrumentos de
uma orquestra sanguínea repleta de tantas
feridas de uma cartomancia obscura, fazendo
de cada escolhido um corredor labiringo por
onde era oferecido as orelhas dos homens
bons como prática de uma terrível desumana
magia.

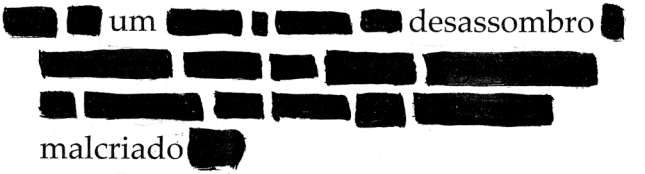
prolongando por tempo sem fim a crua tortura
foi se espalhando como alvo de um clã
bárbaro tingindo os corações dos escolhidos
como prova de devoção nu escalpe.

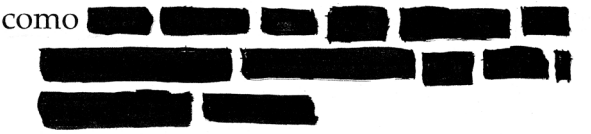
derramou-se pelo tempo um intransponível
cubículo por onde os escolhidos eram vítimas
de choques em crescente clímax retalhando
corpo e espírito

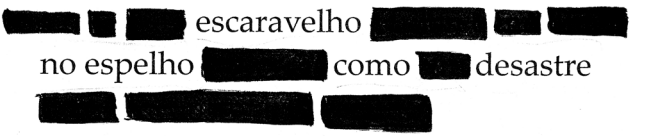
pois no templo recluso como raiz desastrosa
dessa escaramuça esse cemitério de carnicas e
castiçais.



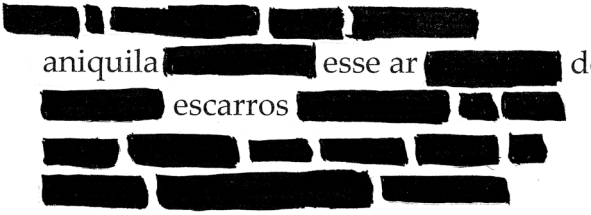

pelo
reboco dos
olhos

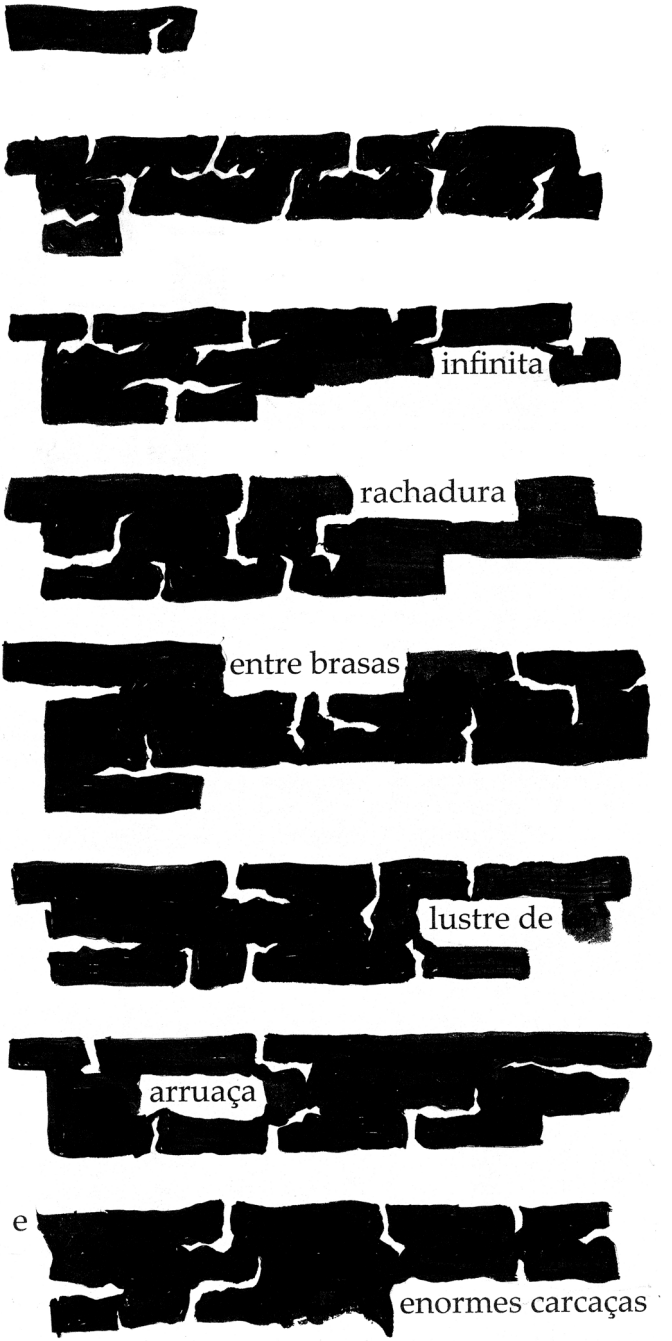

um
desassombro
malcriado


como


escaravelho
no espelho
como
desastre

do que
fresta


aniquila
esse ar
de
escarros


infinita
rachadura
entre brasas
lustre de
arruaça
e
enormes carcaças

carpino
lira

sagrada

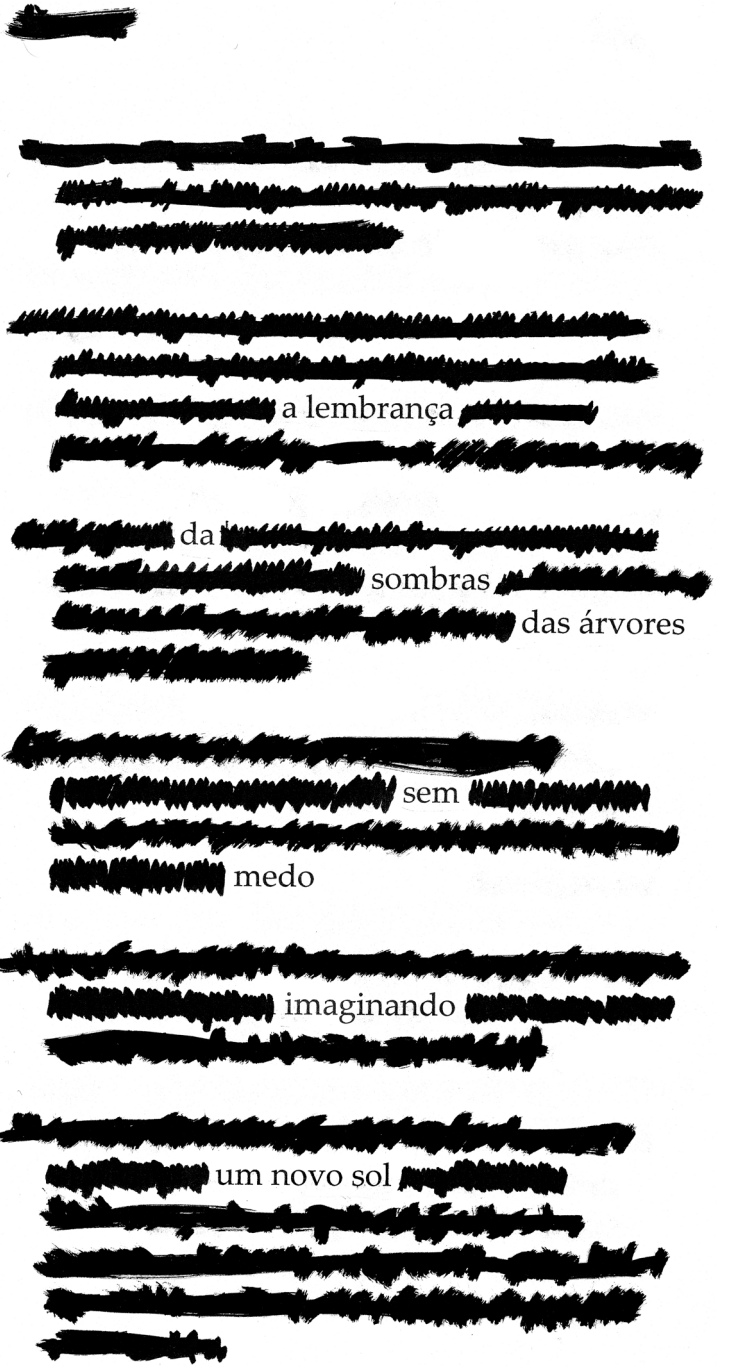
convulsiva

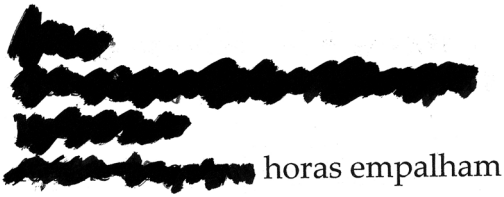
liturgia

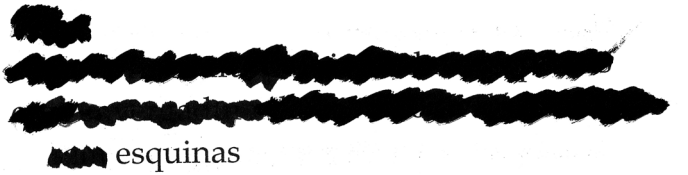
moldura

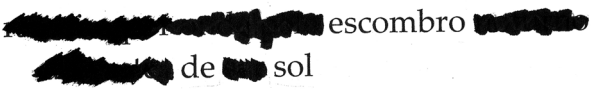
da terra.

que [redacted] seja [redacted]
[redacted] inocente [redacted]
partir [redacted] ao [redacted]
inferno [redacted]


a lembrança
da
sombras
das árvores
sem
medo
imaginando
um novo sol


horas empalham


esquinas


escombro
de sol

perfuma e zune.

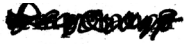
arvoredo

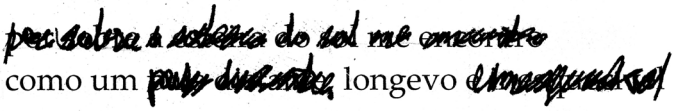
espichado fachada da noite

nuvem eternidade

porteira

do vento

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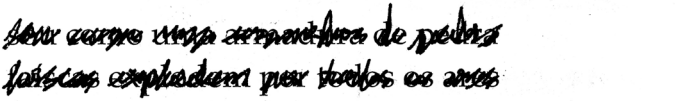

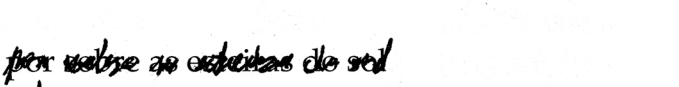

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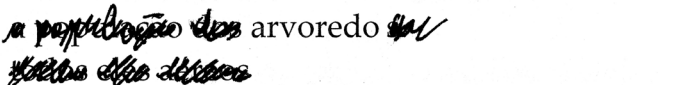

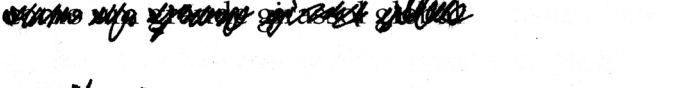
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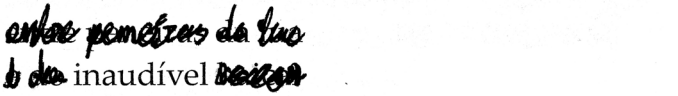
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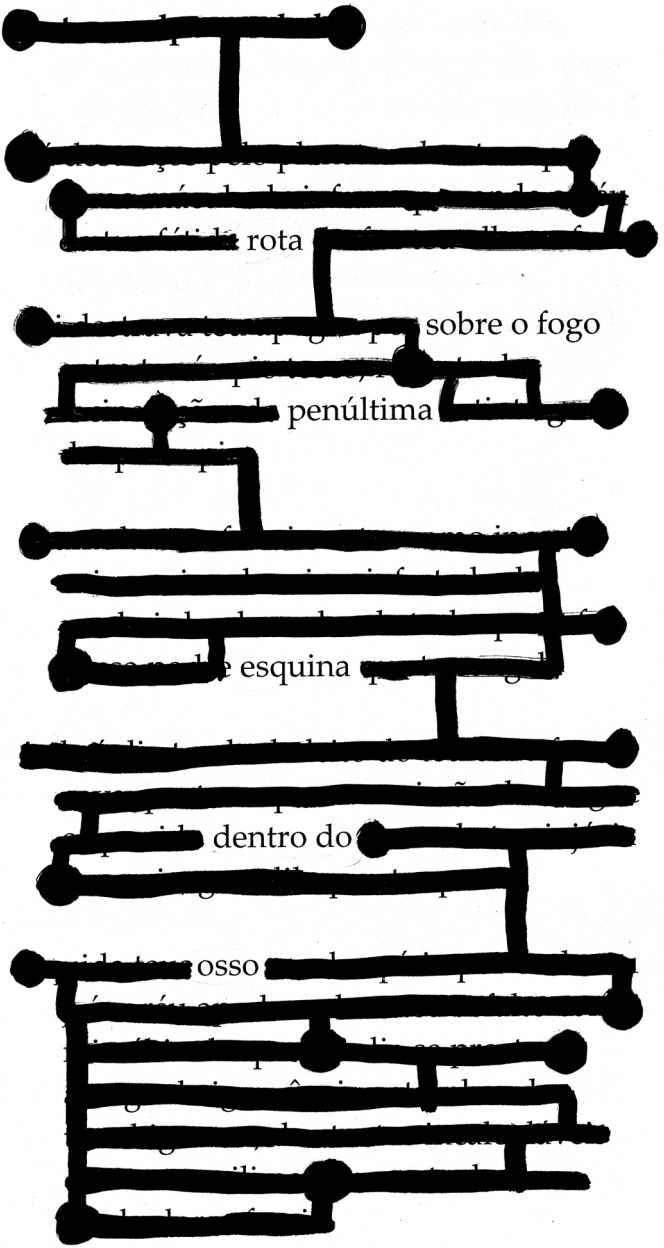
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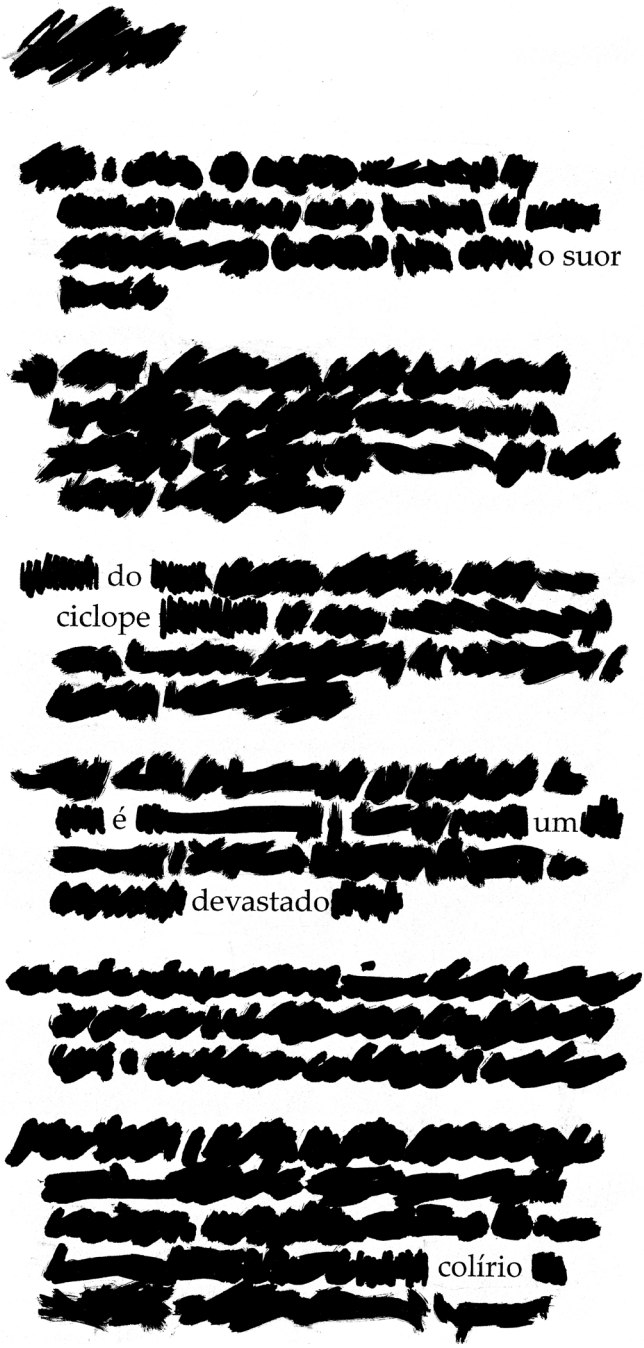
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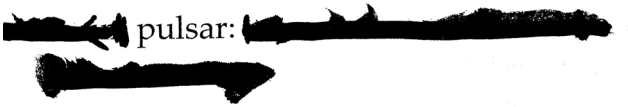
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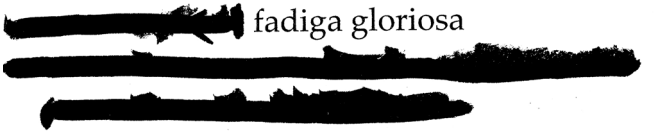
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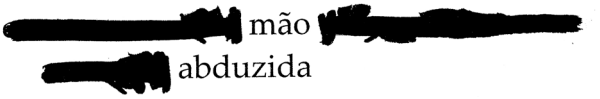
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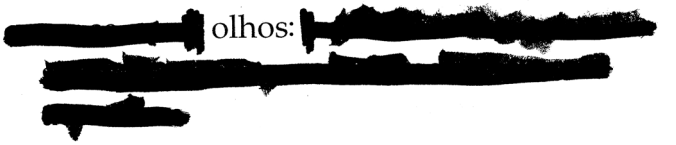
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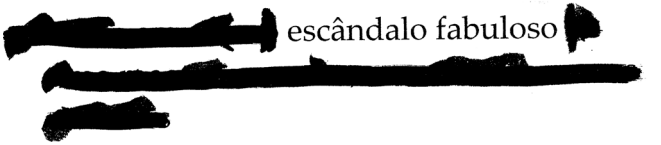
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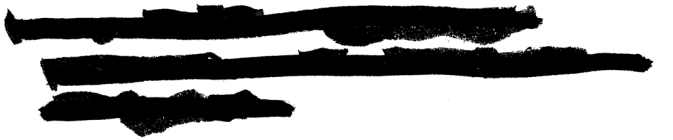

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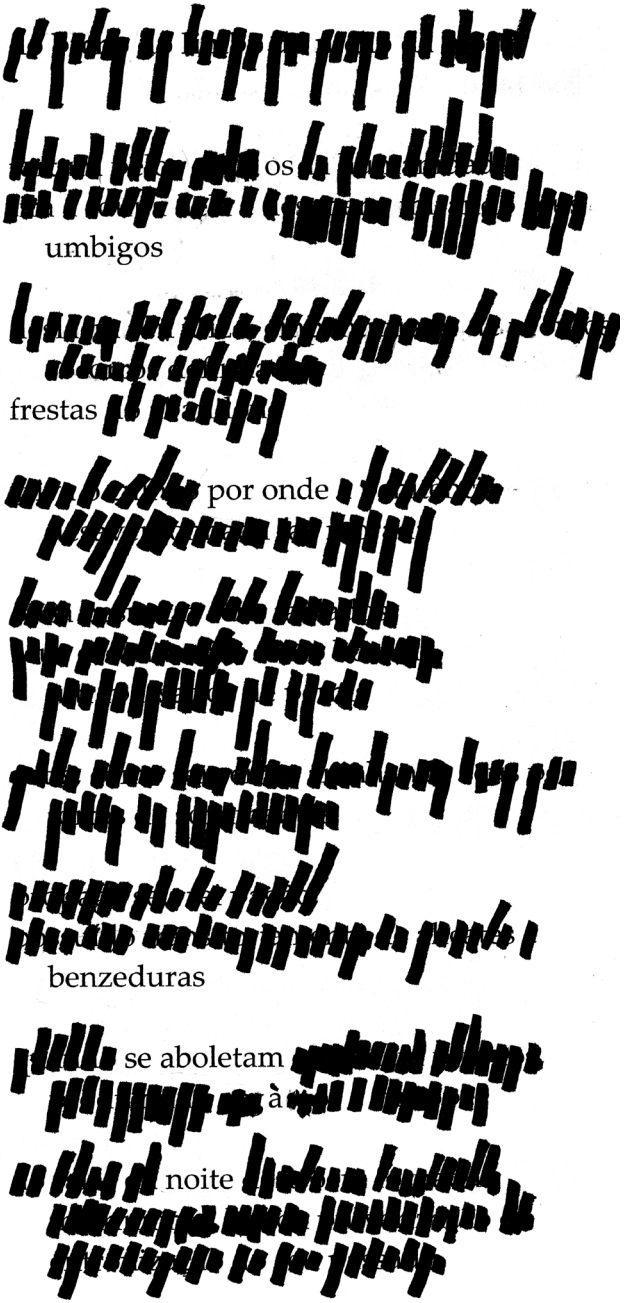
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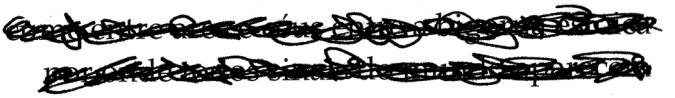
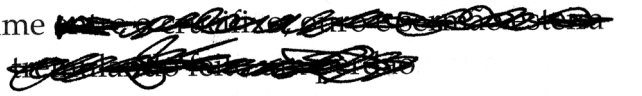
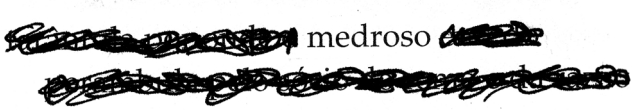
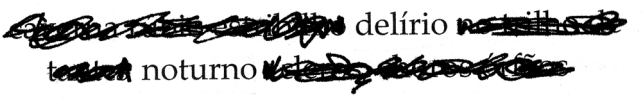
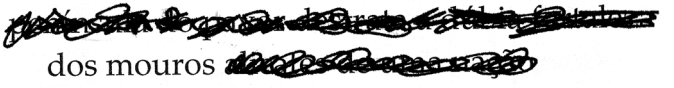


lume 







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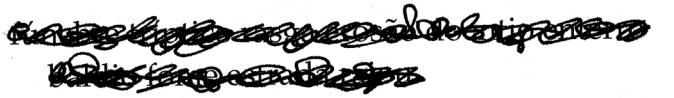

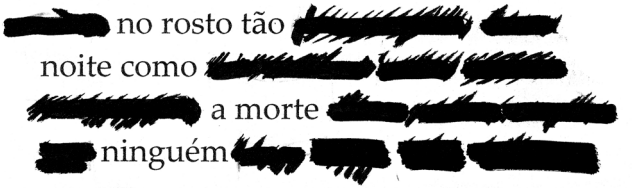
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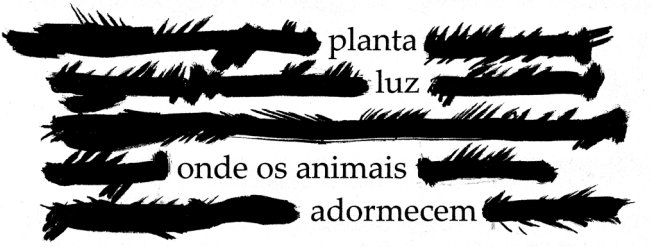
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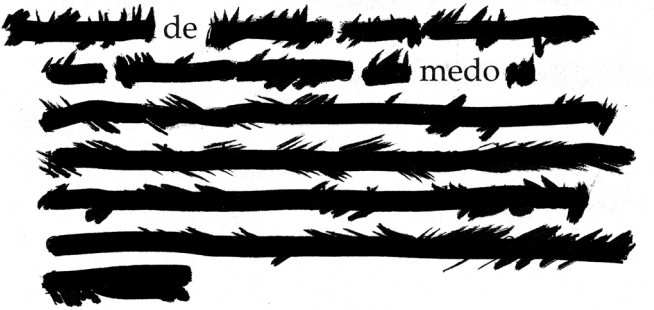
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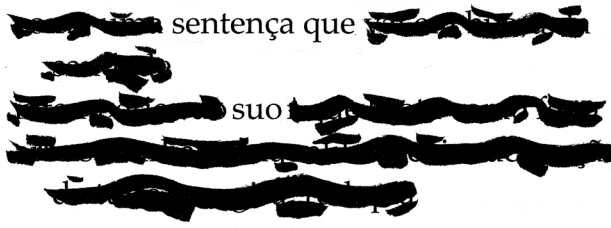
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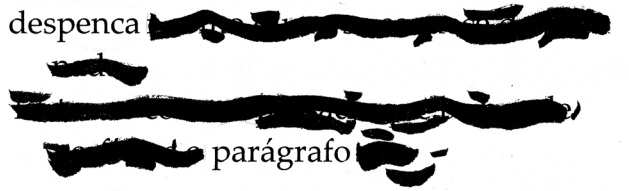
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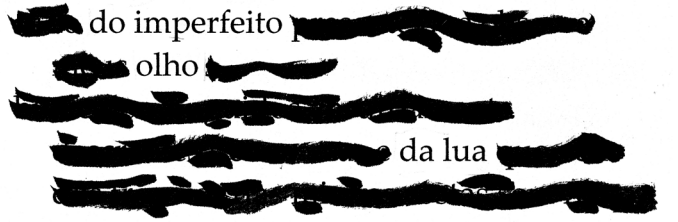
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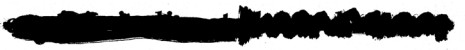
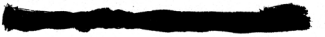
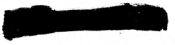
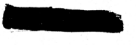
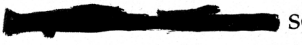
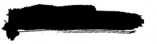
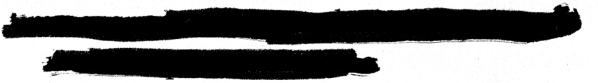
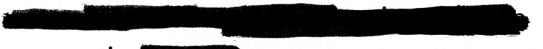


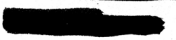
vou pelos restos 

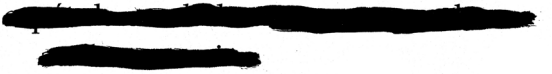
 perdido 

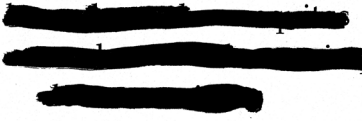
 sem 

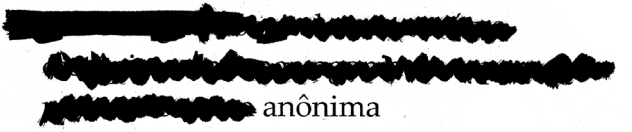


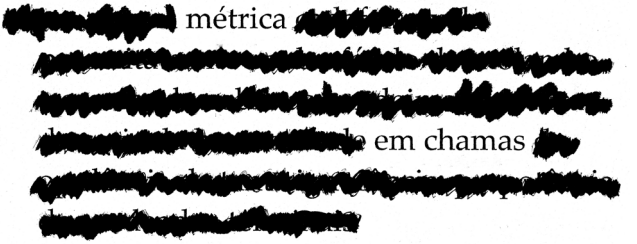


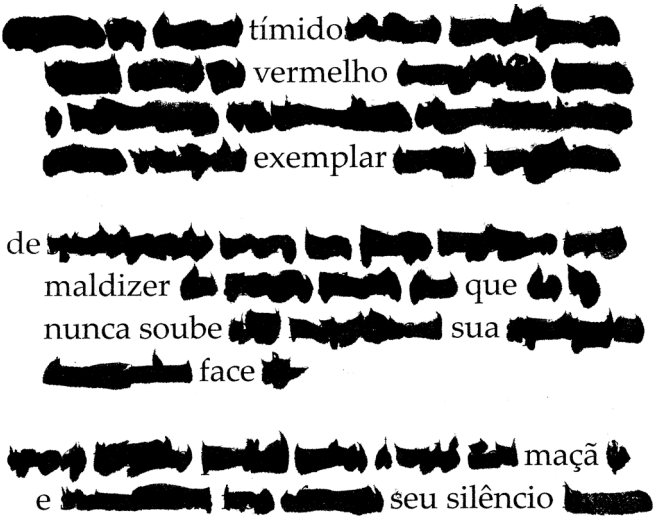
agonia 







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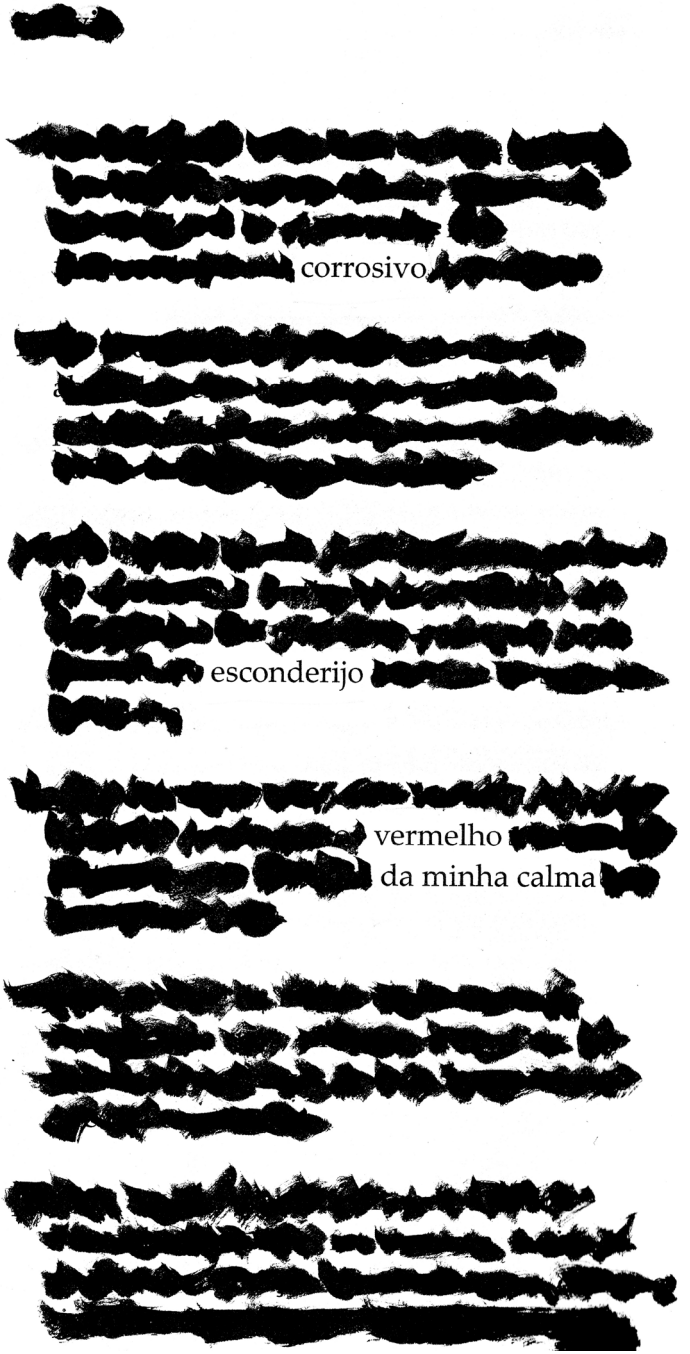
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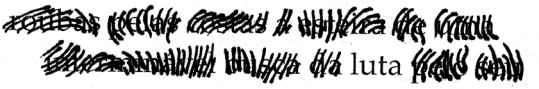
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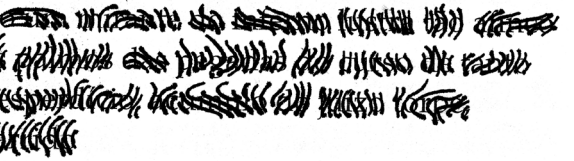
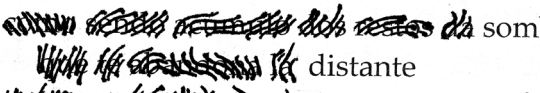
com 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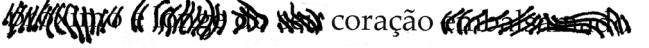
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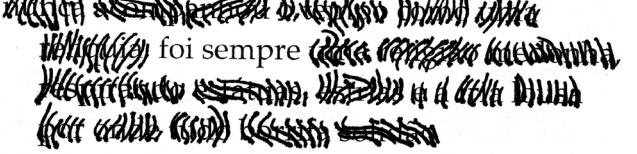
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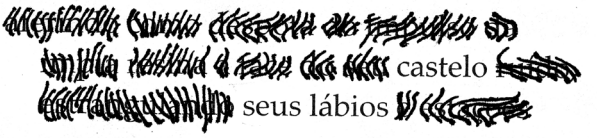
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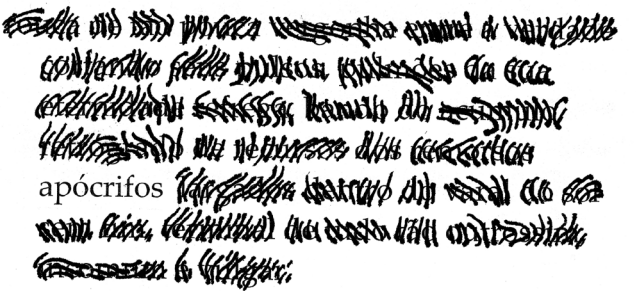
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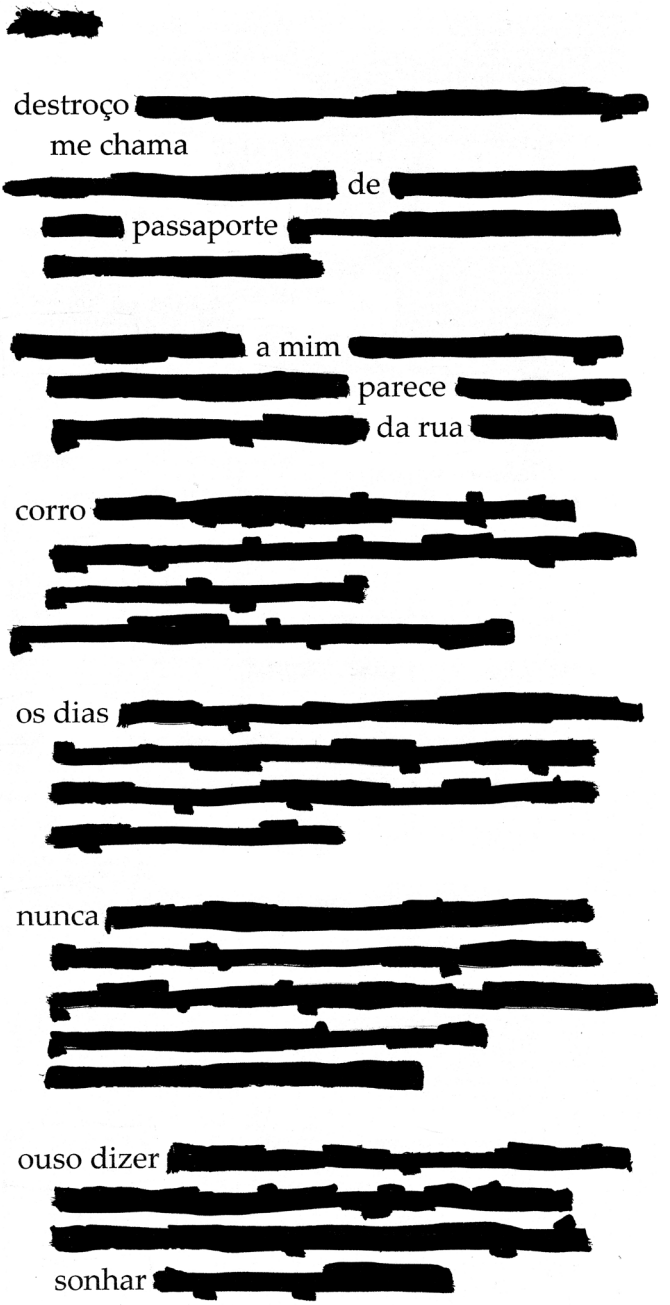
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metrópole [redacted] sem olhos

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não

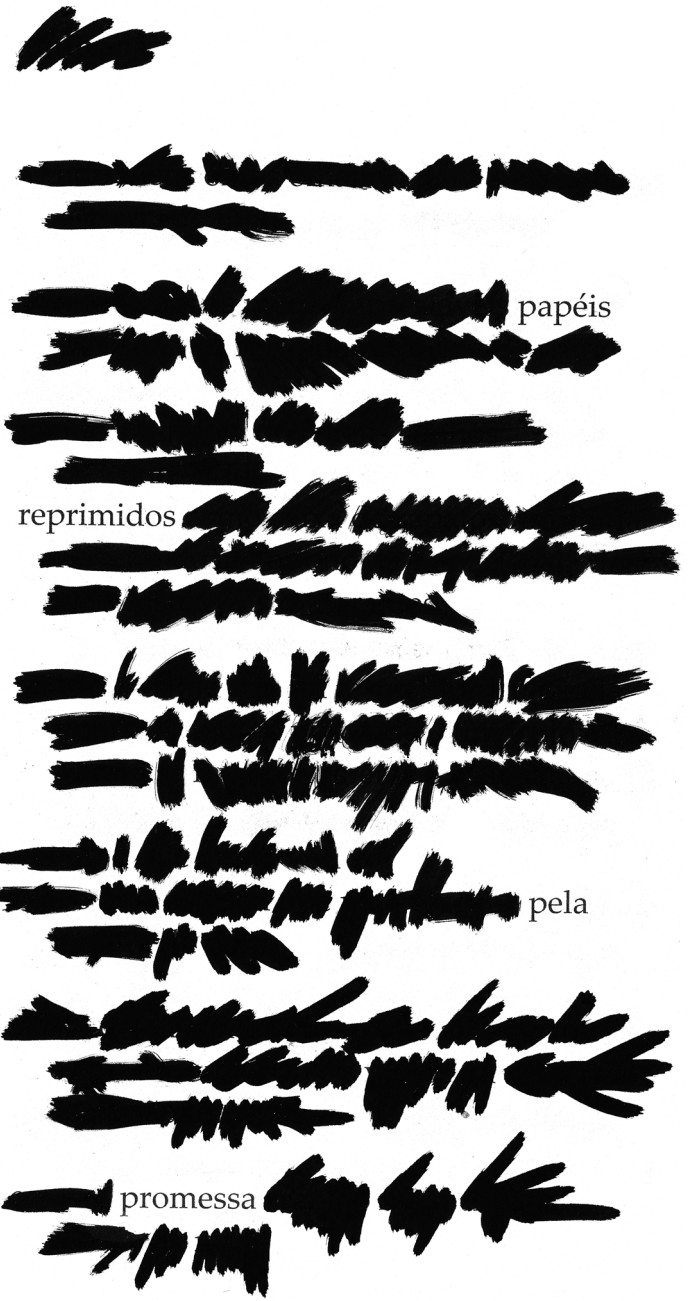
sou
como esse sujeito de
roteiros nervosos

enciclopédia
de
vento

sou
labareda de
olhos que
acolhe

o

futuro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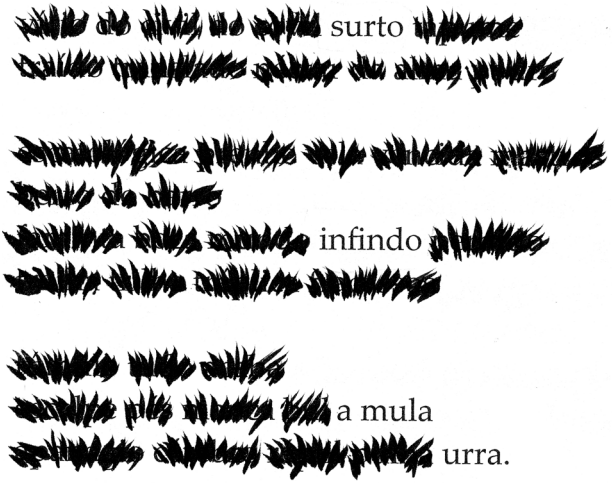
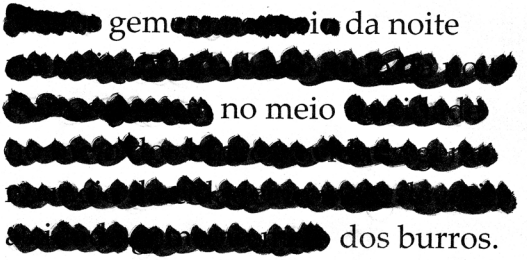
reprimidos
pela
promessa


surto
infindo
a mula
urra.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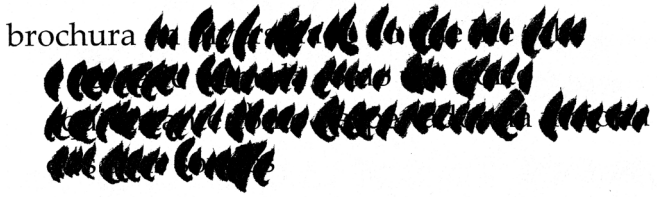
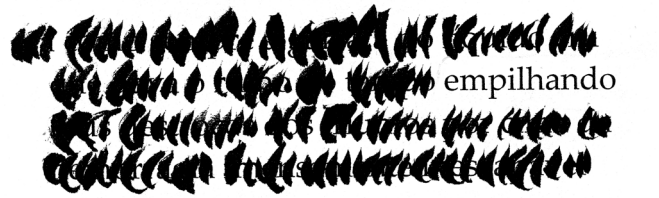
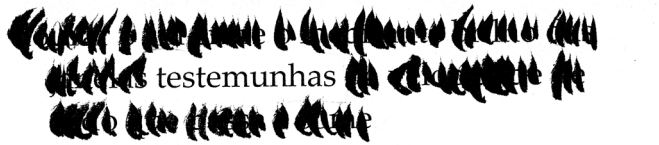
i
da noite
no meio
dos burros.

brochura 





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[redacted]olho [redacted]
[redacted]a [redacted]
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sussurro [redacted] pó [redacted]

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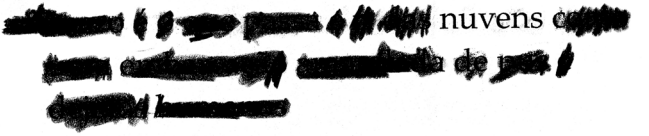
declara seu
inimigo a página vazia
cambaleante
perdida

senda
onde o
vento empilha
pássaros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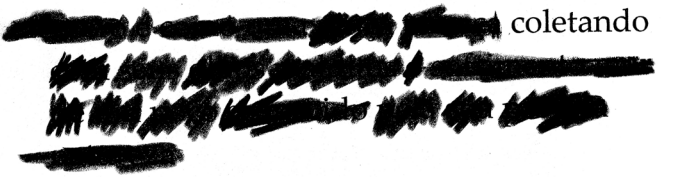
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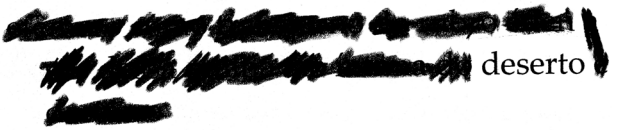
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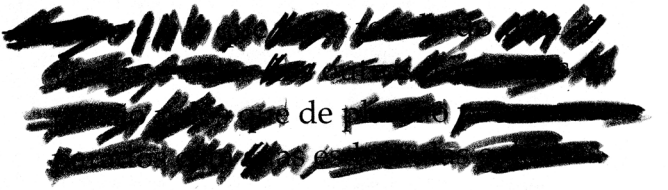
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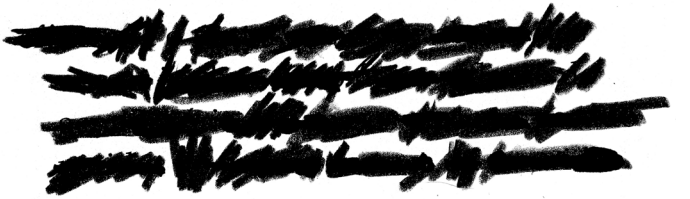
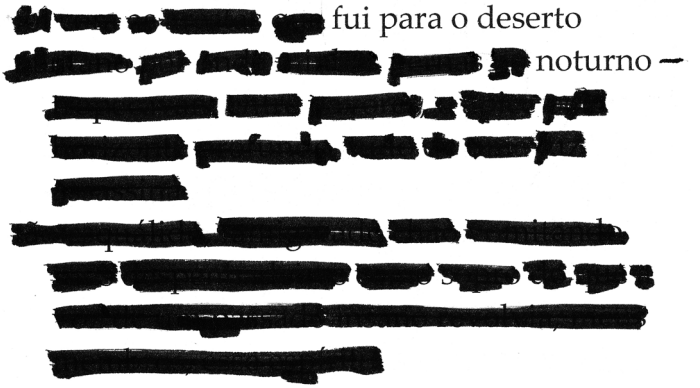
abas abertas




fui para o deserto
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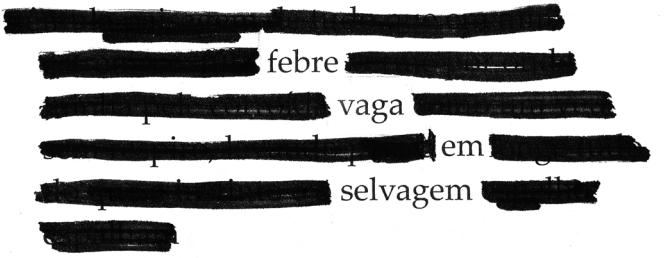
febre
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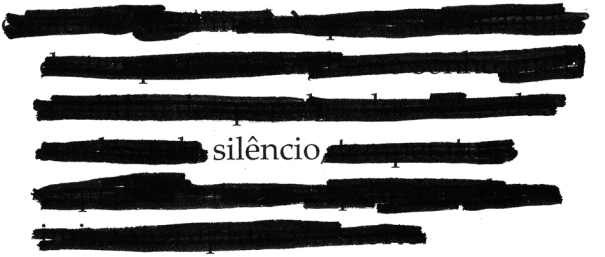
silêncio

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um vadio espalha pelo
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de lembranças
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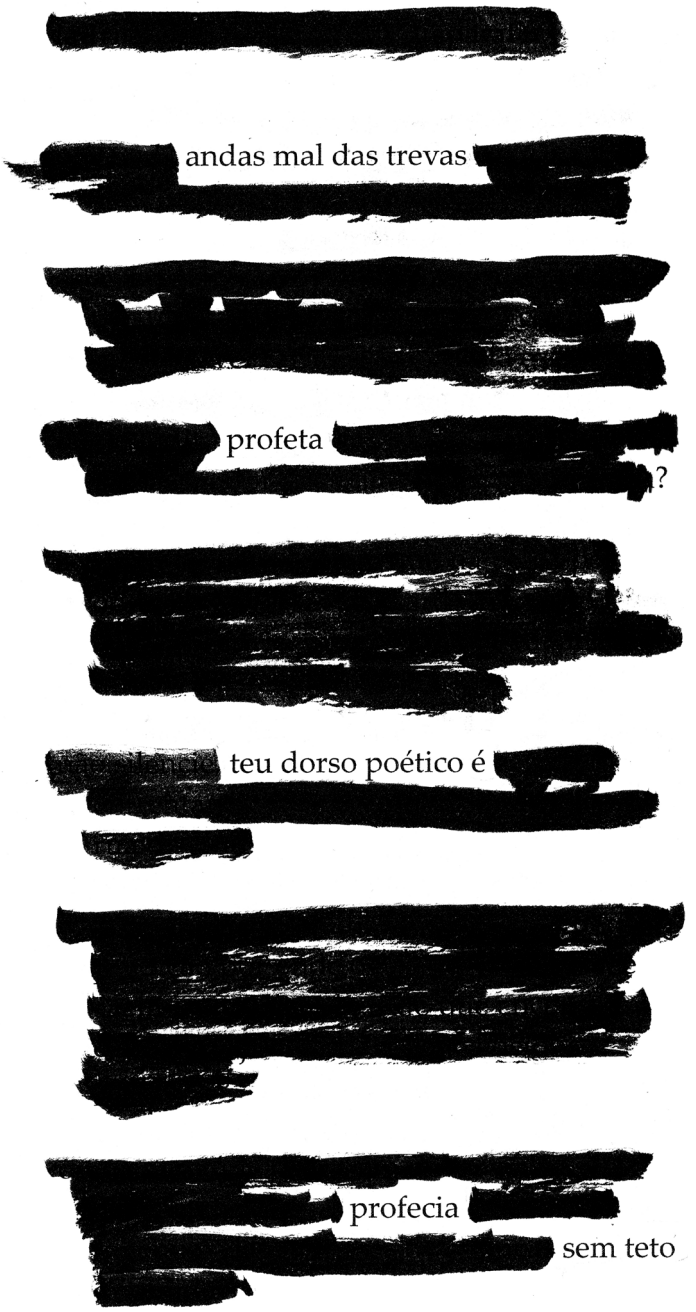
a palavra no seu
dilúvio

a

língua seca
de tanto cansaço e

cordilheira


andas mal das trevas
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teu dorso poético é
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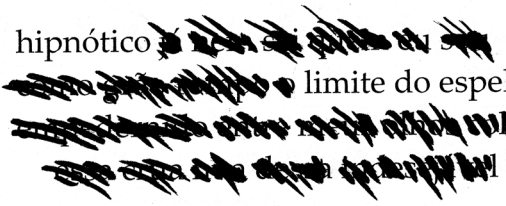
sem teto

hipnótico 
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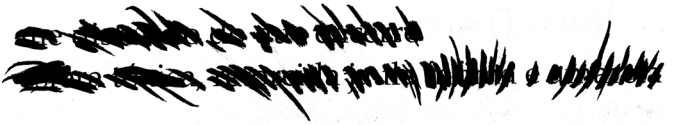
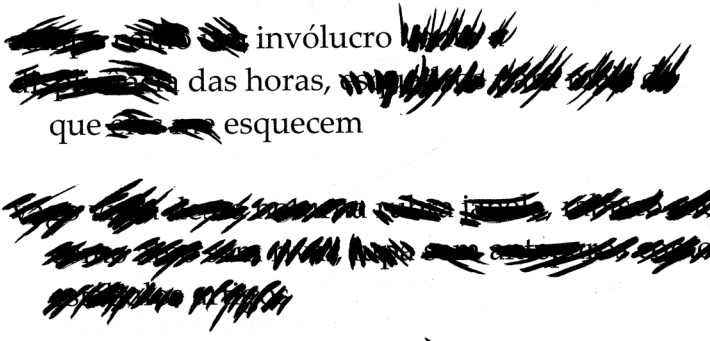
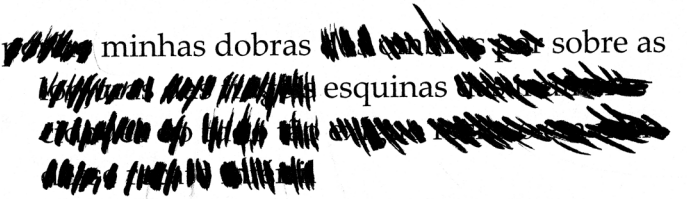
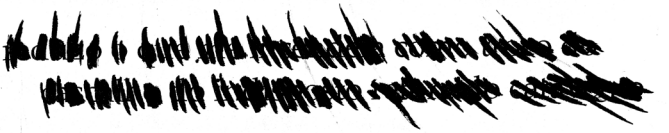
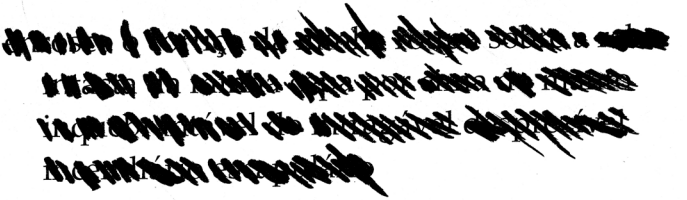
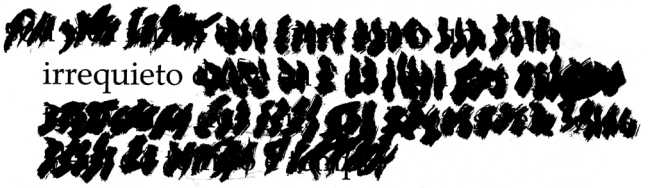



invólucro
das horas,
que esquecem


minhas dobras sobre as
esquinas



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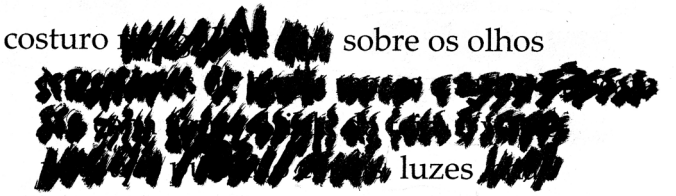
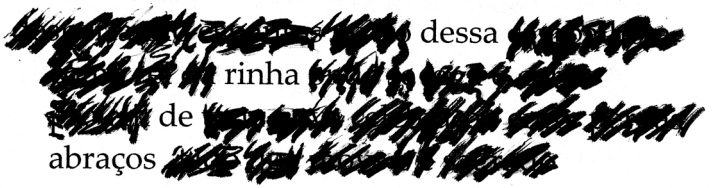
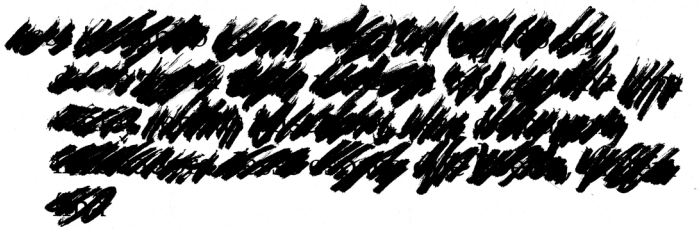
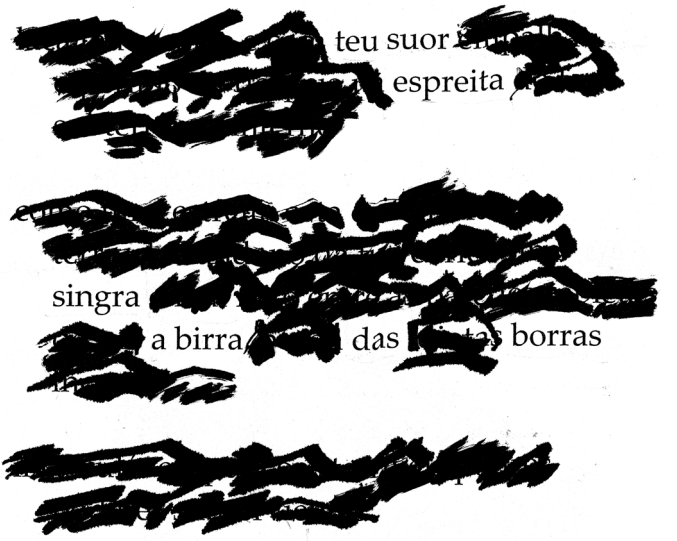

costuro
sobre os olhos
luzes

feito
mágico
no meio


dessa
rinha
de
abraços




teu suor
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a birra
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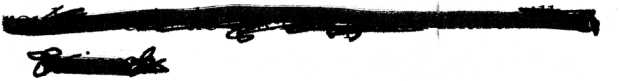


como um nômade

vento

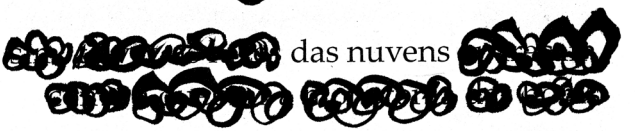
encontro

janelas

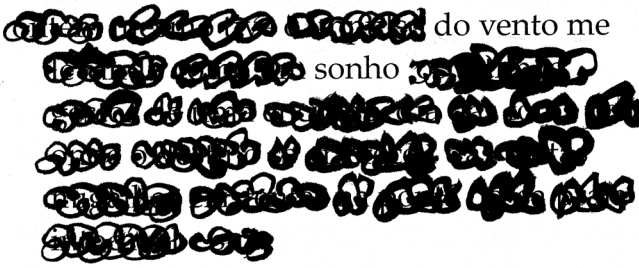
entre

bigornas

adormeço, [illegible] desconhecido

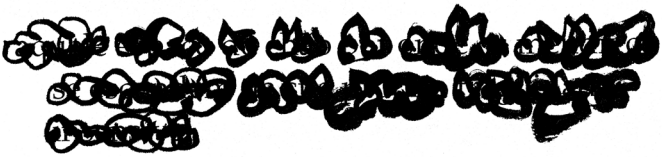


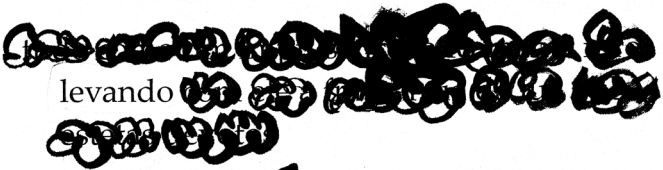
das nuvens



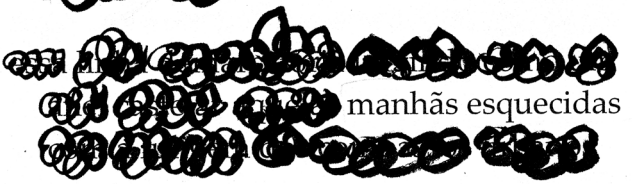
do vento me

sonho





levando



manhãs esquecidas

porão

desauroura

entre rios

futuros

[redacted]

[redacted]
[redacted] escombros

[redacted]
[redacted] do [redacted]
[redacted] sono [redacted]
[redacted] talvez

[redacted]
ser [redacted] fome [redacted]
[redacted]

[redacted] gravetos [redacted]
[redacted] da [redacted] solidão
[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted] presságio [redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted] para descansar.

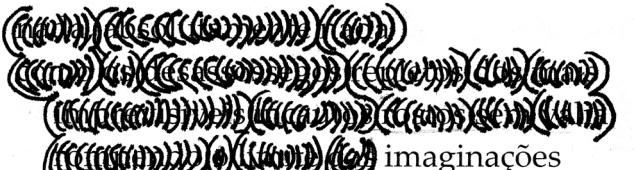
não mais ruir

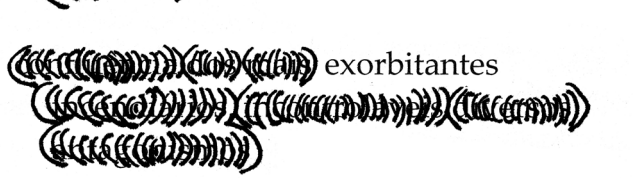
seus olhos

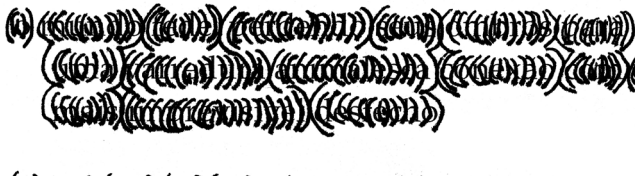
como um

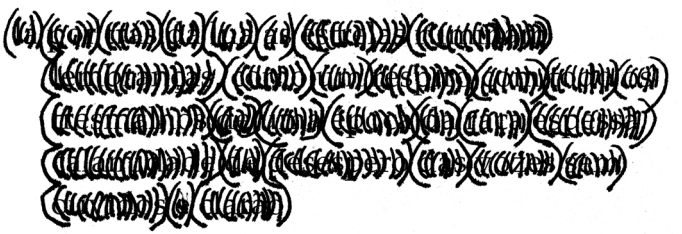
carrossel

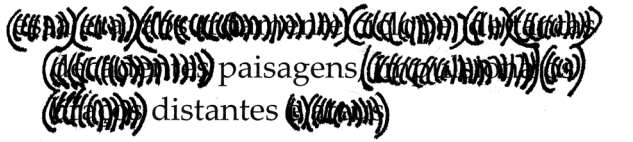
desdentado

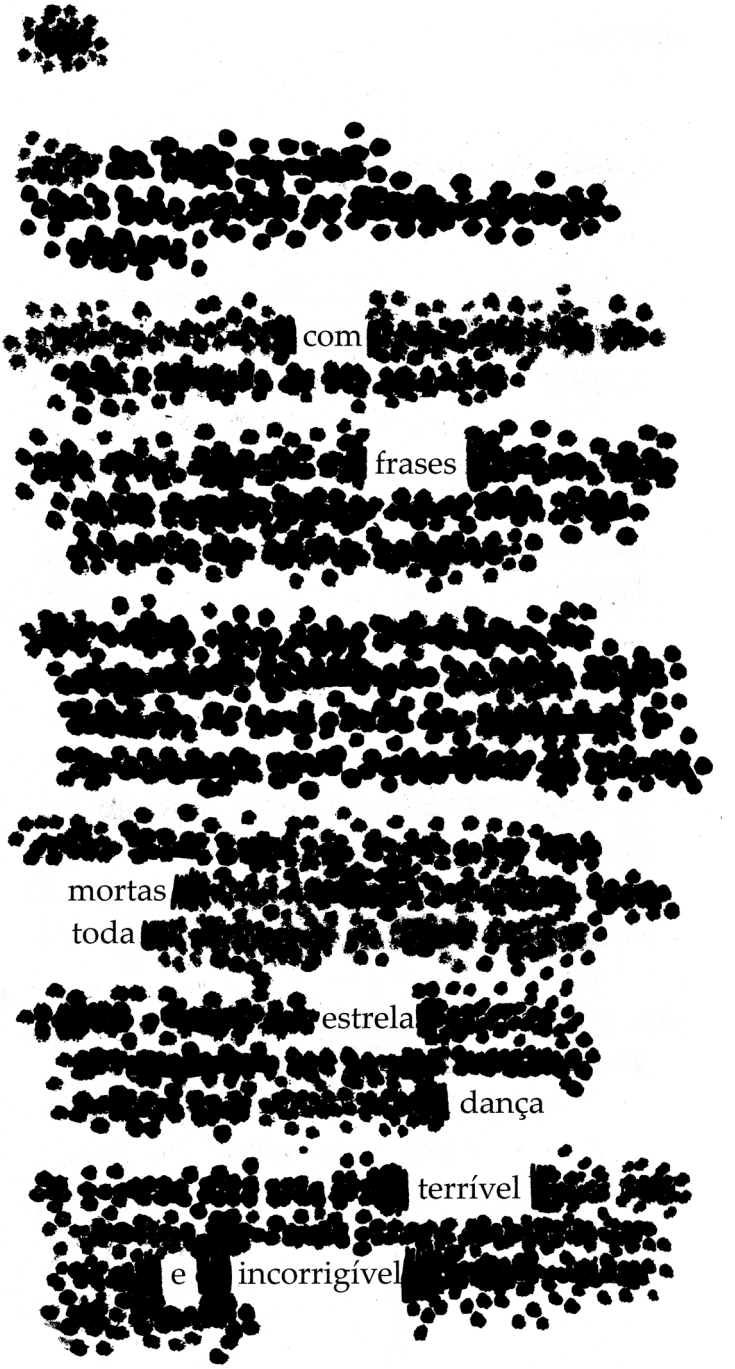


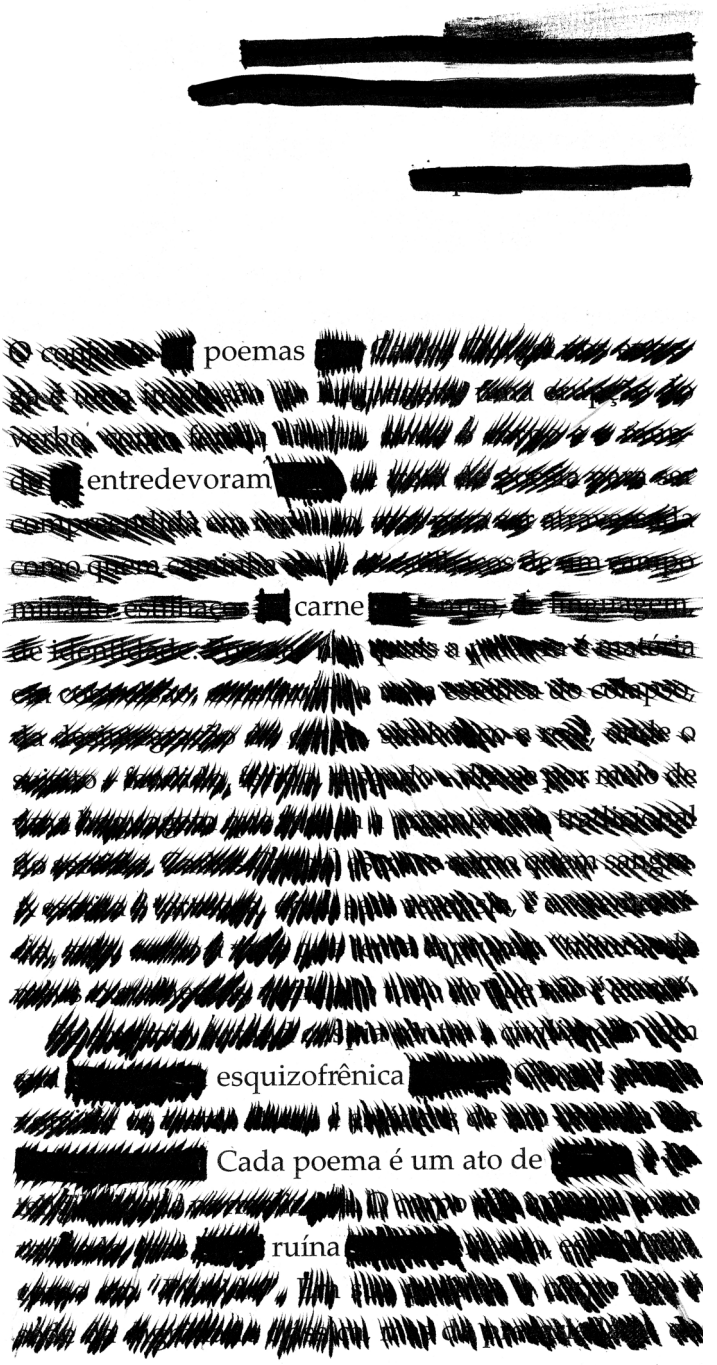









com
frases
mortas
toda
estrela
dança
terrível
e
incorrigível


poemas
entredevoram
carne
esquizofrênica
Cada poema é um ato de
ruína

trêmula

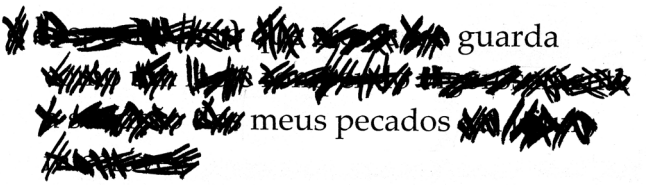
arma

servil

maldito

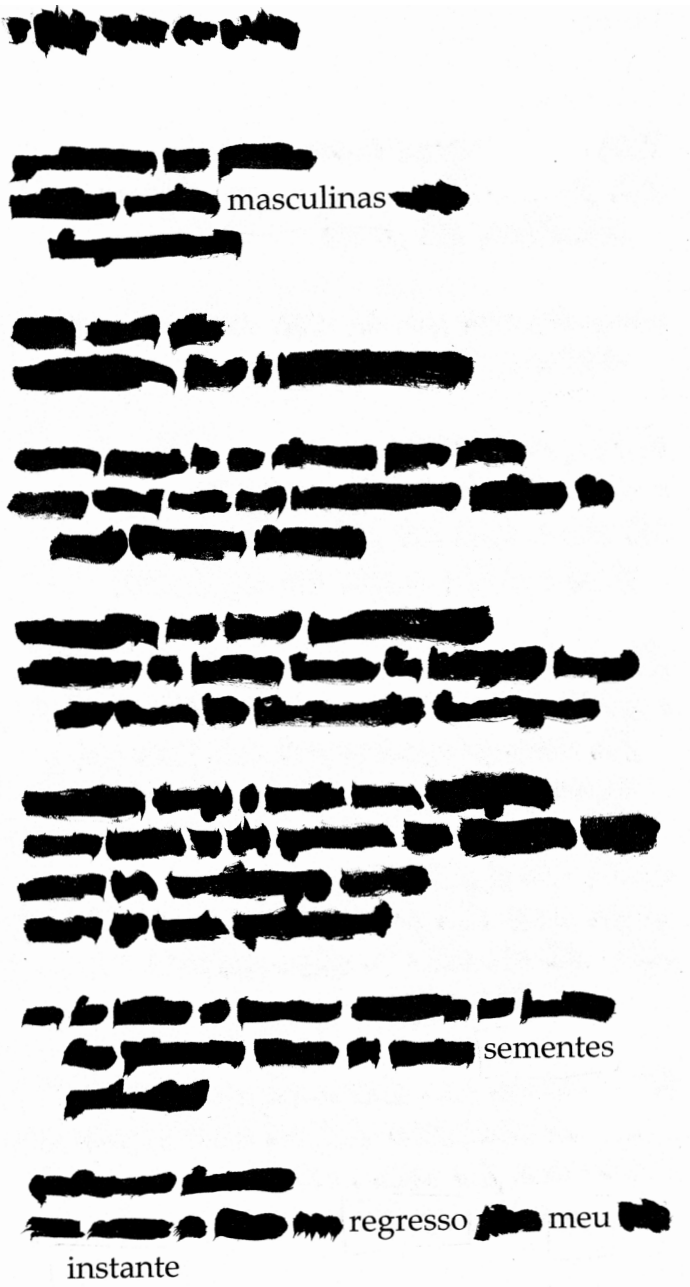
explícito

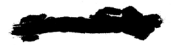
pulso

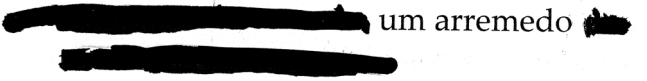


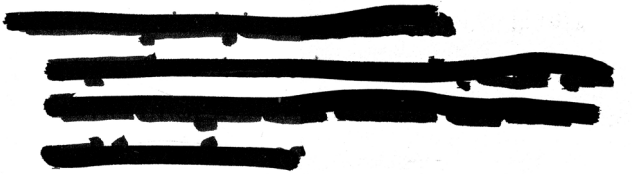
como
alforrias más

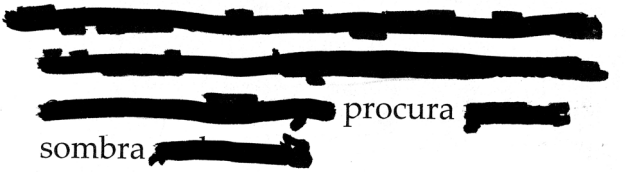
[redacted] como afastar-me [redacted]
[redacted] da [redacted] vida
testícula [redacted]
aveludando [redacted] maldades [redacted]
[redacted] arremates
[redacted] por todos os lados [redacted]
que me [redacted] ama.

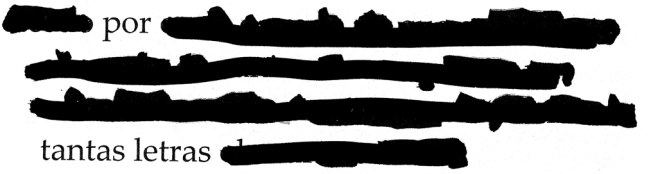

masculinas
sementes
regresso meu
instante

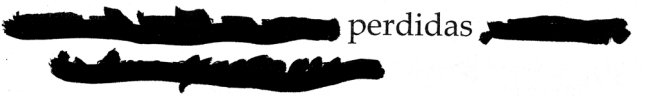


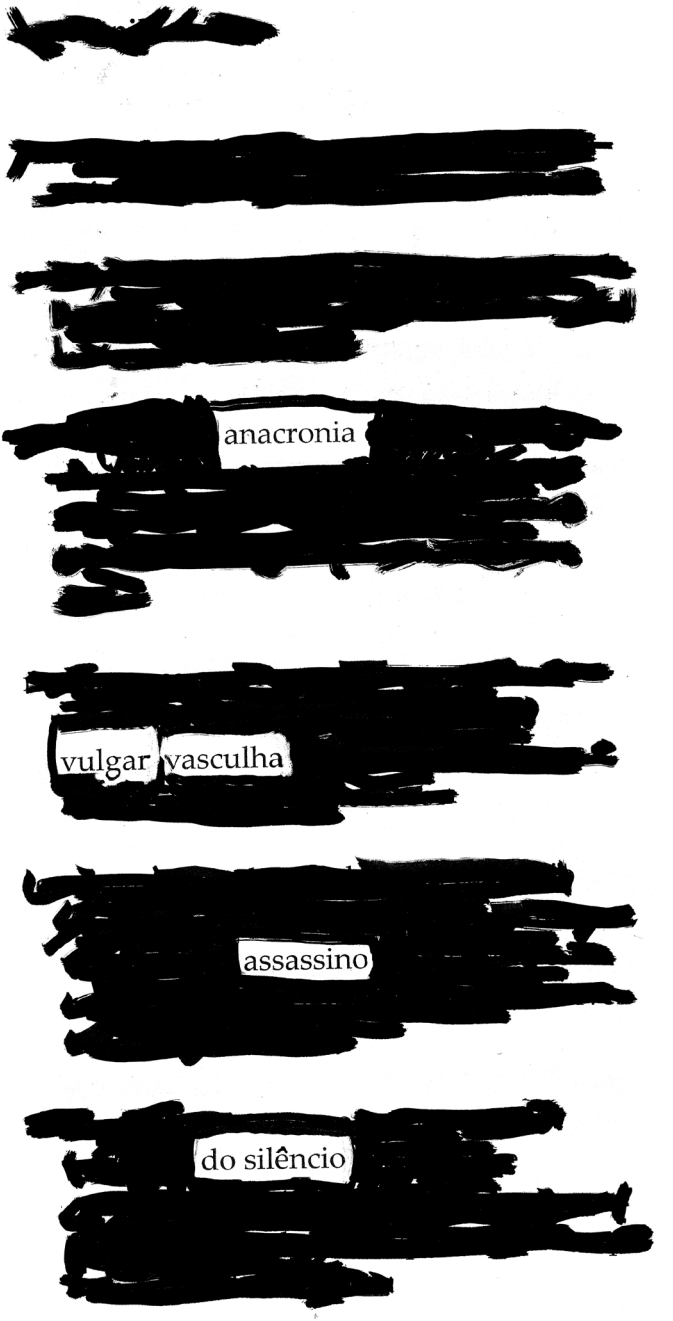

um arremedo

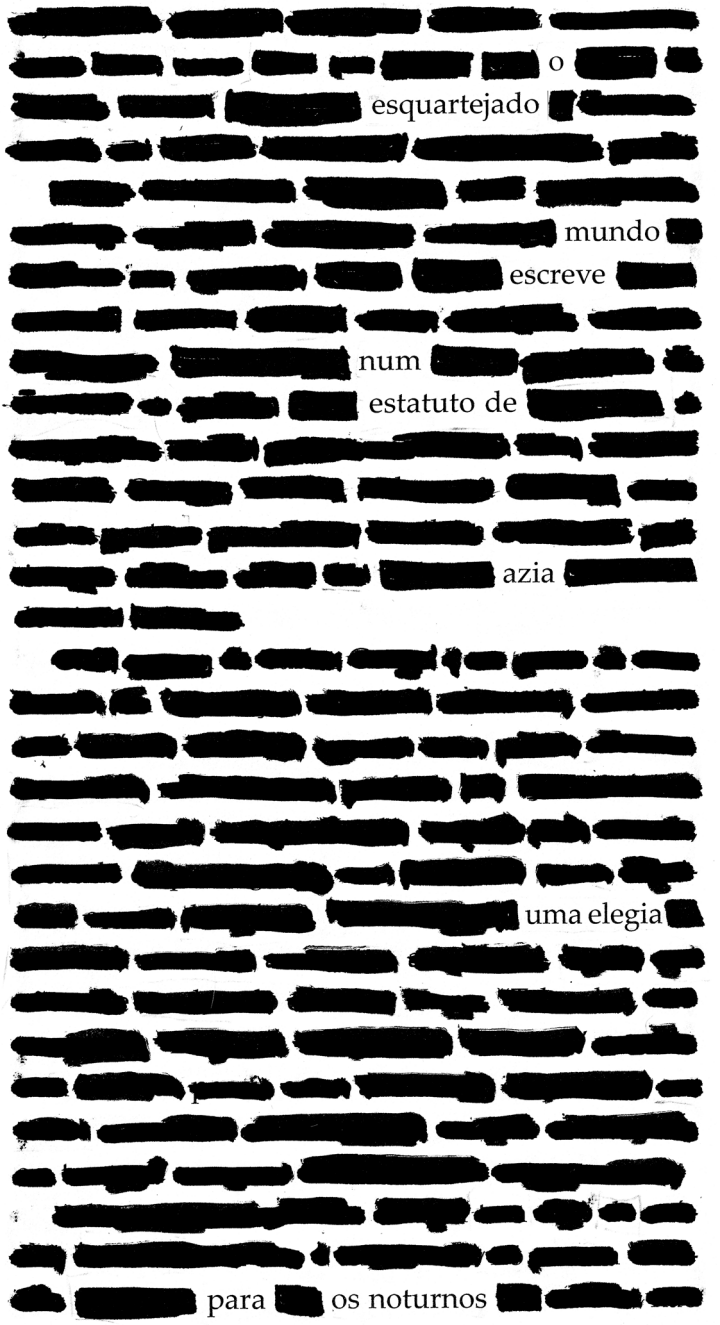


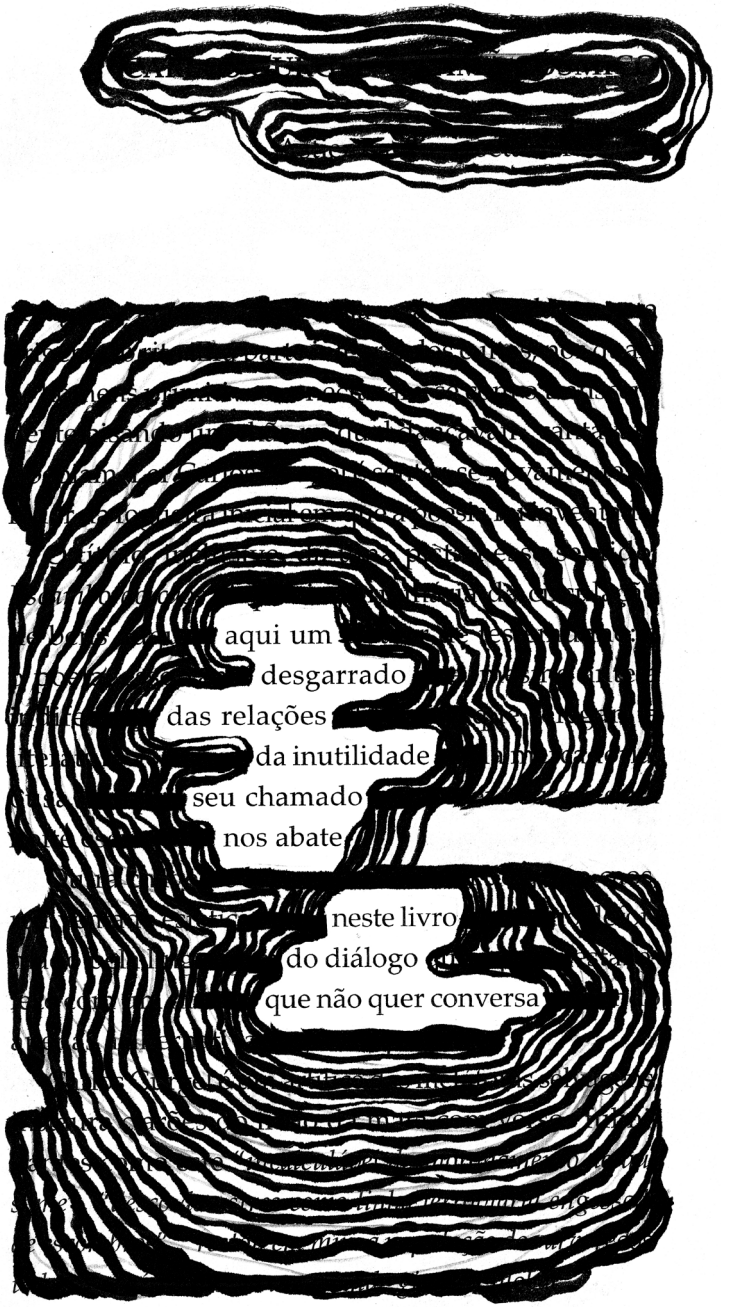

procura
sombra


por
tantas letras


perdidas


anacronia
vulgar vasculha
assassino
do silêncio


o
esquartejado
mundo
escreve
num
estatuto de
azia
uma elegia
para
os noturnos


aqui um
desgarrado
das relações
da inutilidade
seu chamado
nos abate
neste livro
do diálogo
que não quer conversa

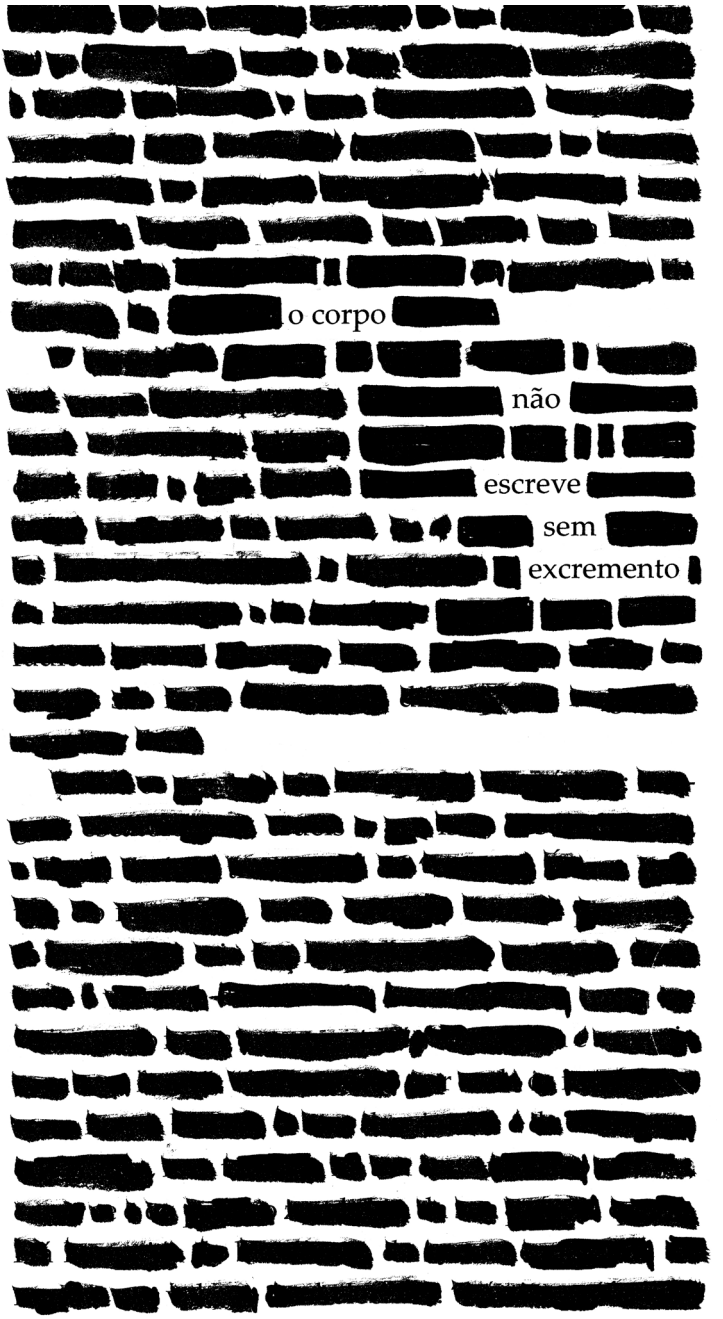
entorpecente

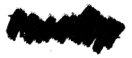
[redacted] safada
[redacted] gente

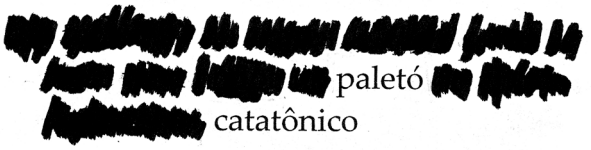
[redacted]
[redacted] agasalha tudo que
[redacted]

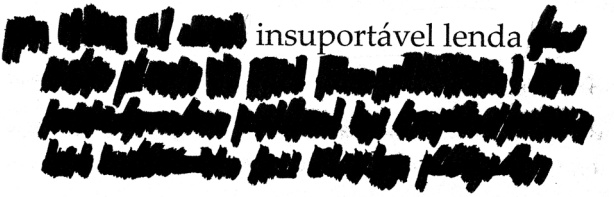
[redacted]
[redacted] satisfaz
[redacted]

[redacted] safada
[redacted] gente
[redacted] doente [redacted]
[redacted] nem vê
[redacted] nem sente.

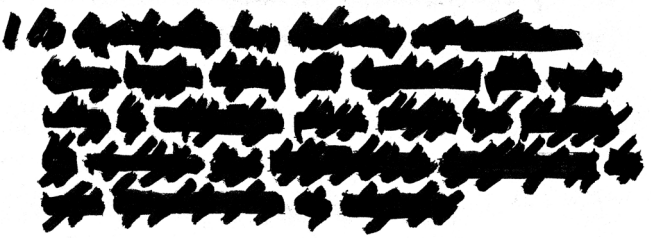

o corpo
não
escreve
sem
excremento

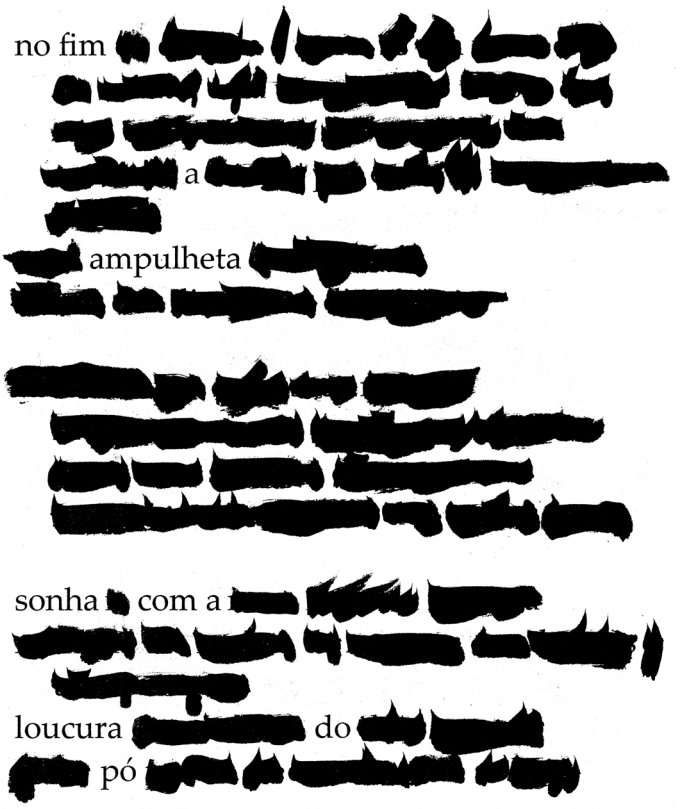



paletó
catatônico


insuportável lenda

cíclica




no fim
a
ampulheta
sonha com a
loucura do
pó

boreal

[redacted] alma
[redacted] espalha [redacted]
[redacted] escura [redacted]

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[redacted]
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[redacted] escultura
[redacted]
[redacted] inconclusa paisagem [redacted]

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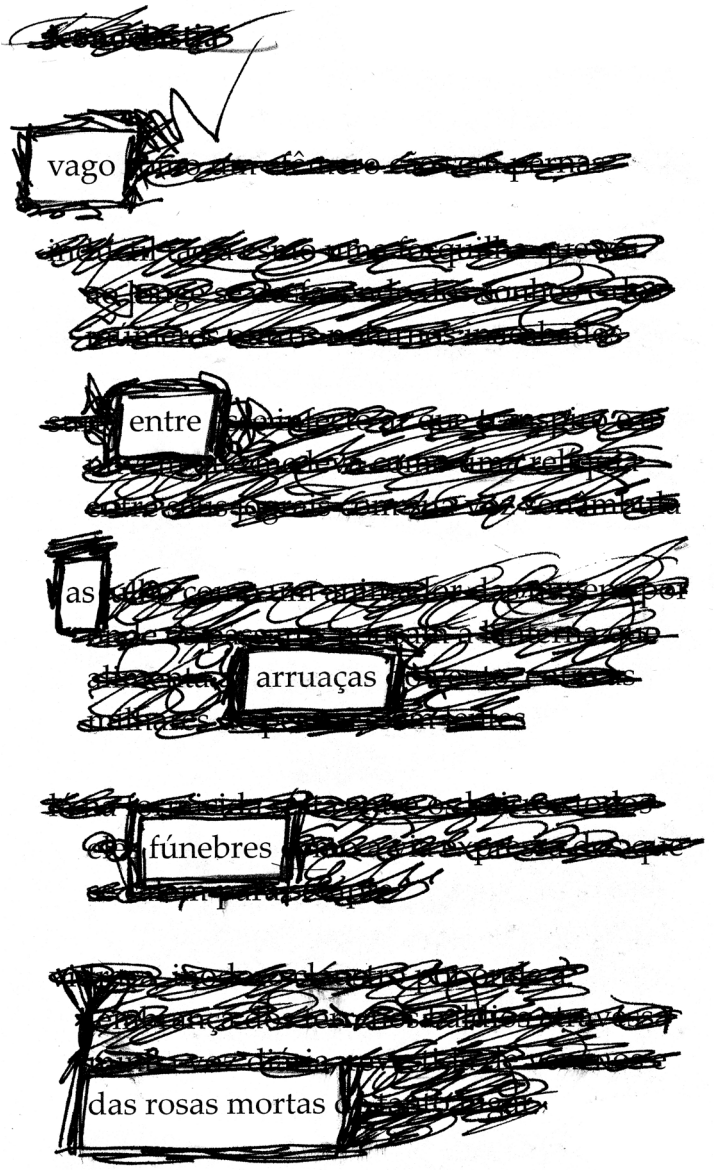
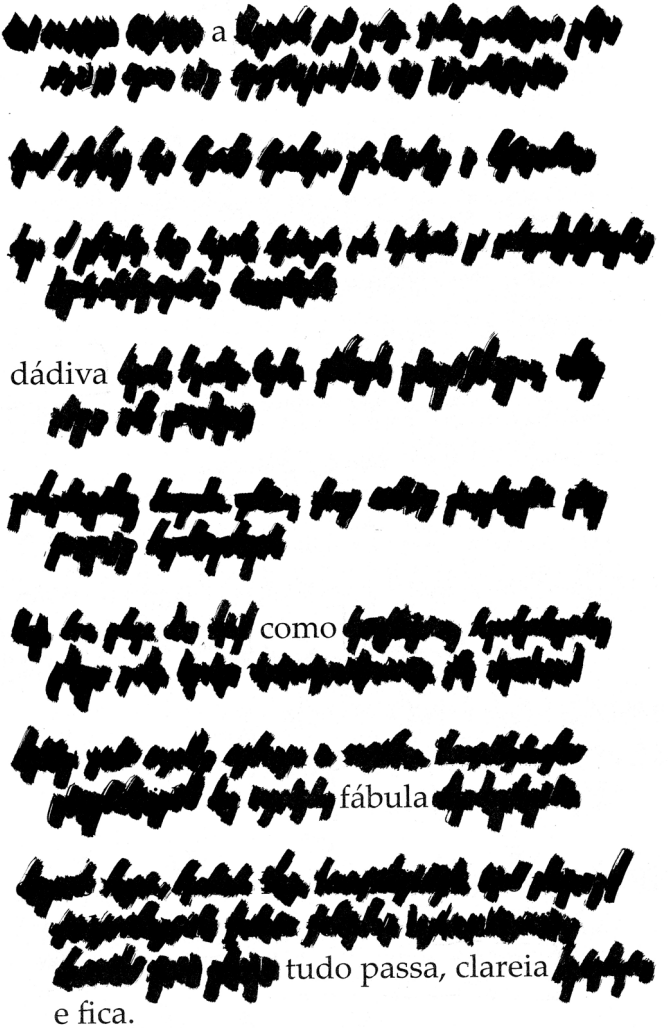
[redacted]
[redacted] sem
trégua [redacted]

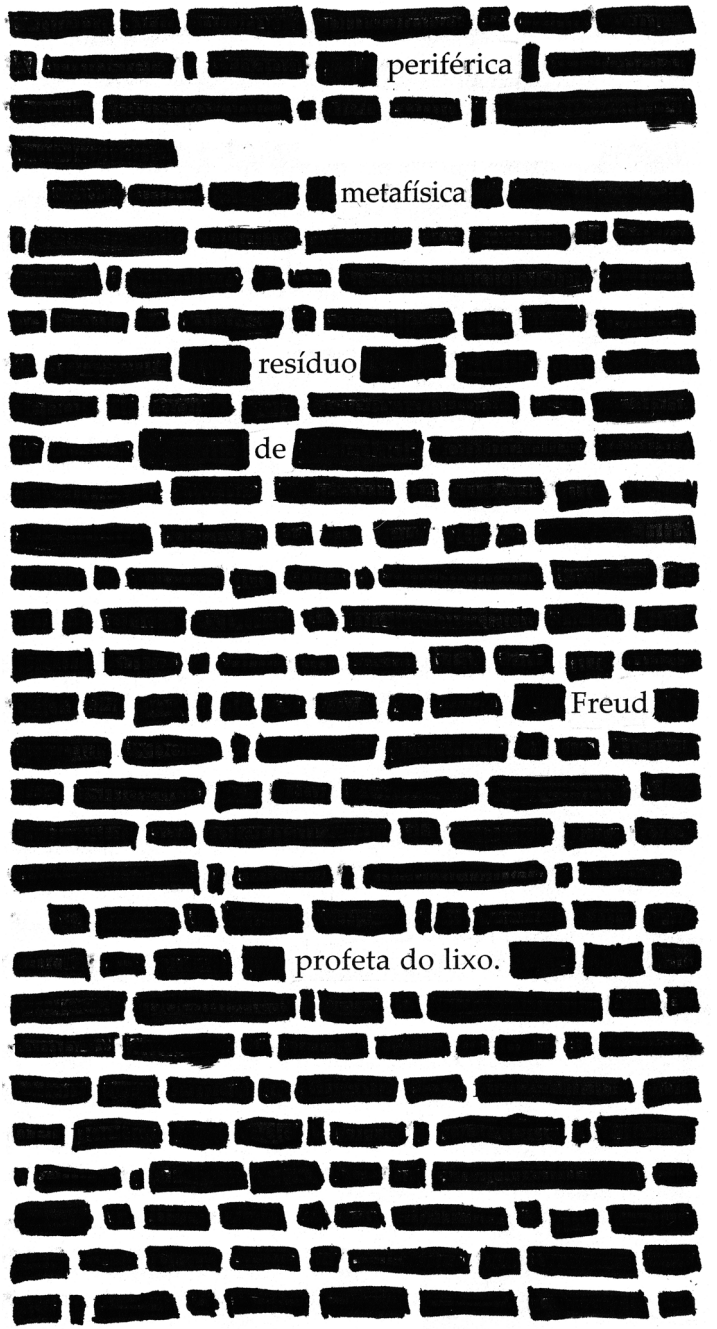
[redacted]
[redacted] se esconde de
si [redacted]

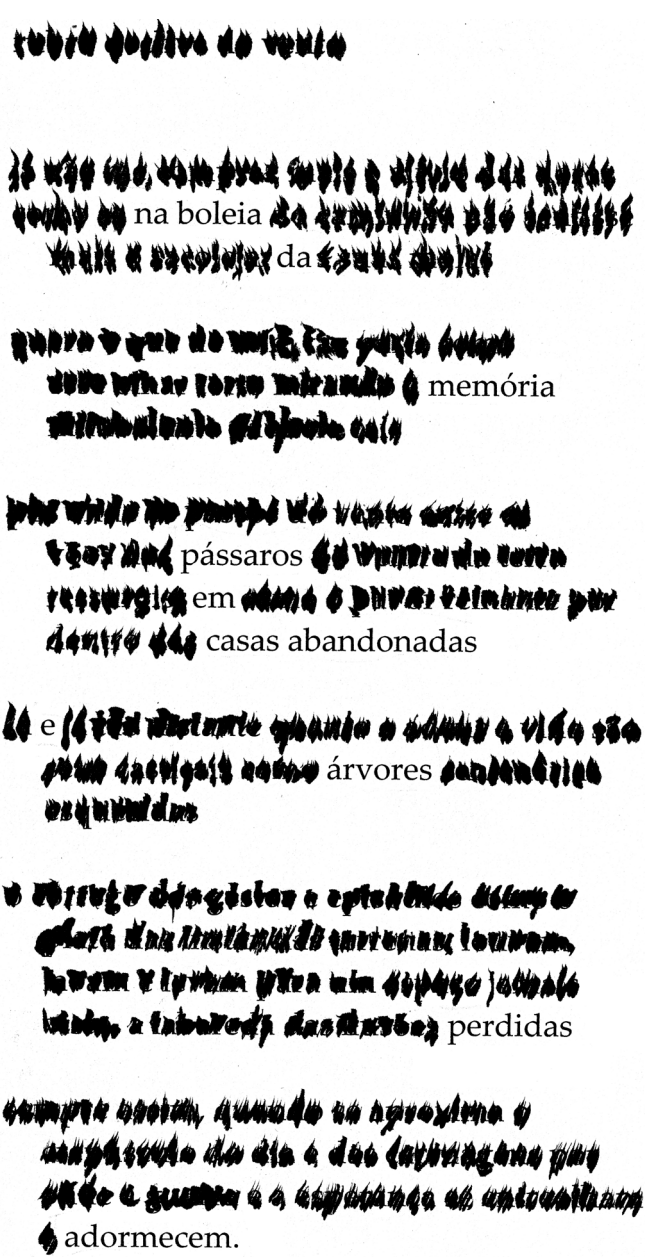

vago
entre
as
arruaças
fúnebres
das rosas mortas

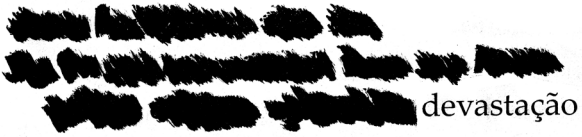
[redacted] a nudez [redacted]
é como se fosse uma [redacted]
inconcebível [redacted] morte [redacted]
[redacted]

exegese



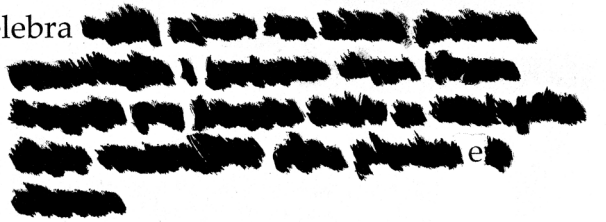

periférica
metafísica
resíduo
de
Freud
profeta do lixo.



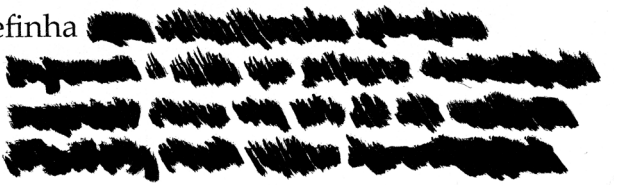

devastação

grávida
do planeta

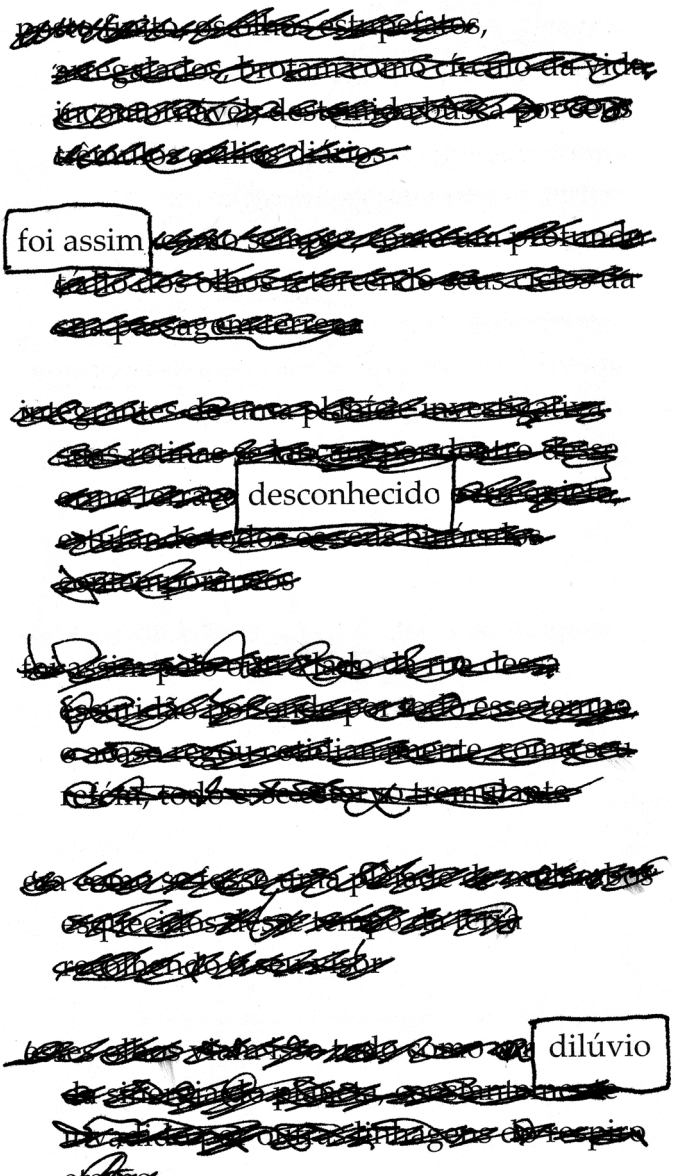
celebra

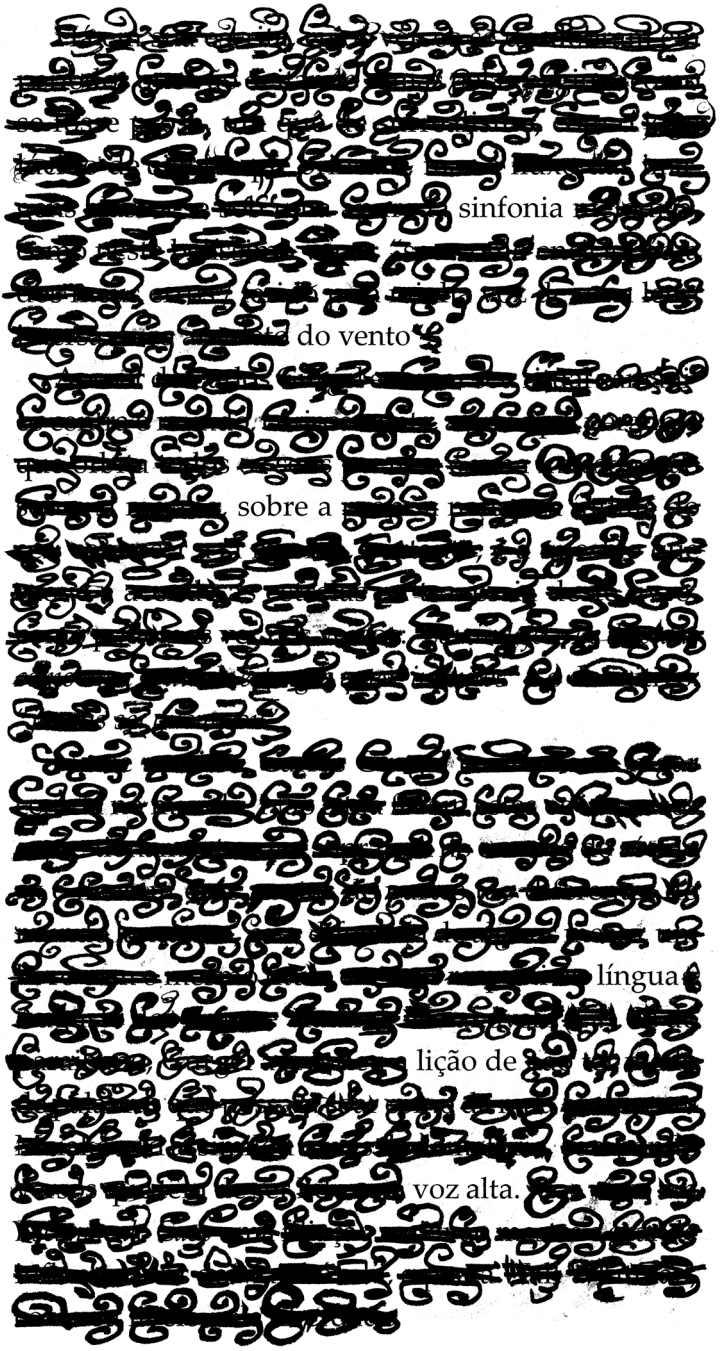

e

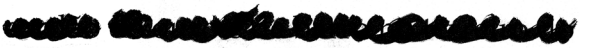
definha

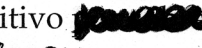
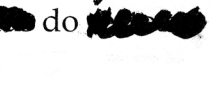


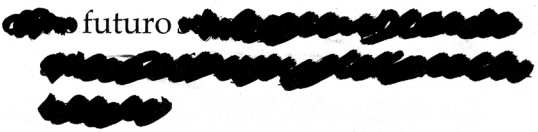
arremate

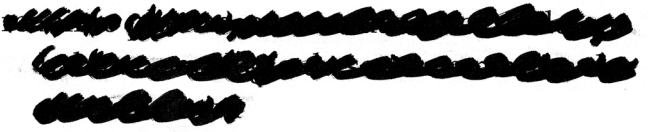


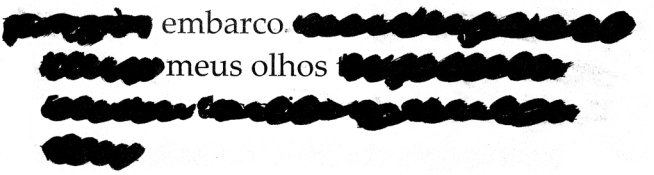

sinfonia
do vento
sobre a
língua
lição de
voz alta.

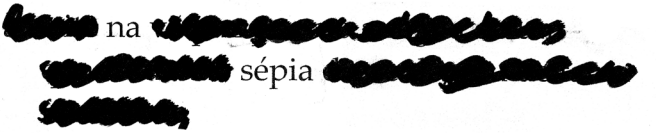
meu 
coração

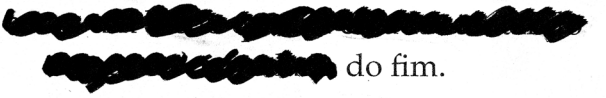
ouço
fugitivo  do 










do fim.

[redacted] a
paixão [redacted]
[redacted] inquieta [redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted] em suas próprias palavras: [redacted]
[redacted] não sou [redacted]
[redacted]
poeta [redacted]

os blecautes das pgs. 14, 17, 18, 20, 22, 24, 27, 29, 31, 32, 35, 36, 38, 40, 42, 45, 47, 49, 51, 53, 54, 55, 56, 59, 61, 63, 64, 67, 69, 70, 73, 75, 76, 79, 81, 83, 84, 86, 88, 91, 92 e 94 são de silvia passos;

enquanto que os das pgs. 11, 16, 19, 21, 23, 25, 26, 28, 30, 33, 34, 37, 39, 41, 43, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 57, 58, 60, 62, 65, 66, 68, 71, 72, 74, 77, 78, 80, 82, 85, 87, 89, 90, 93, 95 e 98 são de victor h. azevedo;

os poemas das pgs. 12, 13, 96 e 97 foram feitos em conjunto, entre os dois.

Victor H. Azevedo (NATAL, 1995 -) desenha cadeiras solitárias e flores incendiadas; traduz escritores esquecidos e obscuros, pois acredita que ele próprio é como um deles; e escreveu odes a bicicletas, contos sobre dicionaristas e, agora, um dueto de penumbras e manhãs.

Silvia Passos não é ninguém na fila do pão, mas gosta de animais — em especial seu cachorro Jota —, de palavras cruzadas, batata frita defumada e de entrelaçar sentenças e imagens. Já foi bailarina, lutadora de muay thay, mas hoje faz blackouts com livros de autoajuda. Paga as contas com psicologia, mas gosta mesmo é de deambular.

NATAL/RN
MARÇO DE 2026